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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Reform debate is still the one topic of Parliamentary interest. It has been continued since we last wrote with the usual alternations of fortune on the opposite sides of the House. The Conservative organs, and those of the "thinking Liberals," profess to believe, and certainly spare no pains in asserting, that the Government has been "outdebated;" but an impartial observer, who makes due allowance for the greater facility of making a brilliant speech in attack than in defence of a measure, will hardly endorse this summary sentence. The supporters of the Ministerial measure have no doubt been placed at a great disadvantage by Earl Grosvenor's amendment. They have been obliged, as Mr. Goschen well said, to defend their position against attacks both from the front and the rear. They have had to contend both with those who have avowed their opposition to all reform, and with those who have cloaked their opposition under a pretended desire for a more comprehensive and liberal scheme than Earl Russell and his colleagues have found themselves able to propose. They have been exposed throughout the discussion to the disheartening influence of treason in their own camp, and have been obliged to struggle with the lukewarmness of professed friends as well as the opposition of avowed foes. It would have been absurd to expect that such difficulties should not weigh with a very perceptible effect upon those who have had to fight a battle which, in the present House of Commons, looks very like a losing one. Speakers in Parliament are but mortal, and however confident they may be in that appeal to the country which looms at no great distance, they cannot altogether resist the depressing influence of the audience which they directly address. But notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, the Liberal cause has been maintained in a series of speeches eminently worthy both of it and of the men from whom they have proceeded. Mr. Coleridge has more than confirmed the impression which he produced by his first appearance in Parliament. Mr. Bright has supported the Bill in a speech displaying the highest and most-sustained power of argument, expressed in language of the most unquestionable moderation; while in the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and in the Solicitor-General for Scotland, the Treasury bench has contributed to the discussion two debaters who will not suffer by comparison with any of those who have during the week addressed the House from the Conservative benches. As we have referred to the subject in another column, we need not enter here into any description of the general character or tone of the debate. It is sufficient to say that each night's discussion has tended to set in a stronger light the distrust and apprehension with which the Conservatives regard the most moderate enfranchisement of the working classes, and to convince all who doubted it before, that their real objection is not to this or that measure, but to any reform at all.

It is so seldom that we find it necessary to advert to what passes in the House of Lords, during the hour or so which a handful of the Peers are good enough to spend in their gilded chamber on four evenings in the week, that we now record with pleasure that they have just distinguished themselves by an act of common-sense and justice. It was only last session that the Earl of Derby opposed the passage of the Qualification for Offices Abolition Bill, on the singular ground that although the declaration made by the holders of municipal offices did not contribute to the security of the Church, it was valuable as a mark of supremacy over Dissent. A more absurd reason for retaining an oath was never invented, even by the noble earl whose reckless frankness has so often led him to avow what more prudent members of the party conceal. It is perfectly clear that a test which was defended on such grounds, and was incapable of being defended on any others, was doomed to speedy extinction, and we are glad to say that this expectation has now been realized. Indeed, after passing the Parliamentary Oaths Amendment Bill, and thus relieving Roman Catholics from the necessity of making any engagements in respect to the Church of England, it was obviously impossible to extort anything of the kind from Dissenters. The House unanimously acknowledged the necessity of yielding, and the Bill to which we are referring was passed without a dissentient voice. But the very circumstances which made the concession inevitable deprived it of half its value. The Dissenters can hardly help feeling that they have been relieved from an offensive declaration, not because relief is just, or because the Peers respect their feelings, but because their case is bound up with that of the Catholics, whom Lord Derby desires to conciliate. Their lordships have certainly a most unhappy aptitude for resisting liberal measures without discretion, and for consenting to them without graciousness.

There is now every prospect that the peace of Europe will not at present be disturbed. Count von Bismarck's courage has failed, or his rashness has been overruled by the timidity of the King. After going to the brink of war he has stopped short, and has accepted the proposal of the Vienna Cabinet that Austria and Prussia should mutually disarm. But although the danger of immediate war may have been removed, it is impossible not to see that the causes of war remain. There is no reason to believe that Prussia has abandoned the idea of annexing the Duchies, or that Austria is more willing than she has been at any former time to assign her right over them for a money consideration. It seems indeed probable that we shall

not hear much of the Slesvig-Holstein question for some time. The reform of the Federal constitution will for awhile occupy the attention of the German peoples and governments and the struggle between the two great Powers will be removed to this ground. No doubt many difficult and critical questions will arise in the course of the negotiations or discussions which we are told will be immediately commenced. But although it is said that the matter will be taken up in an earnest spirit by all whom it concerns, and although Count Bismarck will, we dare say, set to work with his usual vigour and impetuosity, there can hardly be much danger of any collision arising out of the interminable controversy into which the whole of Germany will be plunged. At all events, Europe will have abundant warning, unless German diplomatists and politicians move with unwonted rapidity on this occasion. Of course, while all the elements of mischief remain, confidence cannot be completely restored. No one can say how soon the plans which von Bismarck has temporarily laid aside may be resumed; for no one knows exactly to what we owe his acceptance of the Austrian proposition of disarmament. It may be more or less due to the interposition of the Emperor Napoleon, and that interposition may have been dictated by motives of a temporary rather than a permanent character. The fact that the semi-official journals of Paris have been instructed to parade the neutrality of France, is so suspicious that it naturally suggests an underhand game of some kind or other; nor is it clear that all danger is at an end on the side of Italy. The Austrian Government appear to entertain some apprehensions, for they have placed their forces in Venetia on a war footing; and even if the Italians refrain from any offensive measures, it is not impossible that this step may lead to embarrassment. It will not be difficult for von Bismarck-should he want an excuse for a rupture-to assert that the armaments of Austria, although nominally directed against Italy, are really kept on foot with an eye to Prussia, and in breach of the agreement for placing the forces of the two German Powers on a war footing. Or if, on the other hand, these measures taken by Austria should provoke Italy to attack Venetia, it is scarcely likely that von Bismarck could resist the temptation of resuming an aggressive policy, for which he would, in that case, obtain the sanction of the King. Although, therefore, the immediate crisis may be past, the war-cloud still hangs over Europe. It might be dissipated by the Emperor Napoleon, but he refuses to speak the word which would be accepted as a command by every one of the Powers concerned. That he has some good reason for his silence no one doubts; that his reason is one that will scarcely bear the light, most people fear.

We do not know that there is any political importance to be attached to the recent attempt upon the life of the Emperor of Russia. The only reason for thinking that it may be connected with some plot is, that the police display great anxiety to make out that the would-be assassin is a peasant and not a nobleman. It is amongst the nobles that a conspiracy, if there is a conspiracy, is most likely to take its rise. They have been disaffected towards the Czar ever since the emancipation of the serfs; and there is, therefore, certainly something rather suspicious in the attempt to conceal the real rank of the criminal. The outburst of loyalty which the attempt has called forth from the peasants is probably sincere. Although they have not realized all the advantages they expected from emancipation, they blame the nobles for this and not the Czar; and, indeed, they still look forward for the realization of their hopes, and the happy day when their "little father" shall tread his and their enemies under his feet.

Once more we hear that the New Zealand war is over. This time the news is accompanied by the further statement that the Governor is making a tour through the northern island, and that he is everywhere well received by the natives. After our repeated disappointments it is only natural that we should regard any fresh statement of the termination of this long and troublesome war with some distrust. But in the present instance it is probably true, as General Chute's success in his recent operations must have convinced the Maories that further resistance was hopeless. When once they are convinced of this, they are not the sort of people to maintain a fruitless struggle; and we are, therefore, disposed to think that the telegram, which is all that we are at present in possession of, will be borne out by the despatches when they arrive.

The recent intelligence from America is of no great importance so far as the internal politics of the United States are concerned. The President has accepted, with apparent submission and resignation, the passing of the Civil Rights Bill over his veto, and for the moment the Radical party are again supreme. It seems, indeed, probable that the democratic spirit of the country is offended by the President having vetoed two bills in rapid succession, and that the recent action of the Congress is by no means unpopular, as a sort of protest against the dictation of the chief magistrate. For the moment, Mr. Johnson has evidently lost ground: but it will be rather surprising if the violence and imprudence of the leaders of the Radical party do not soon enable him to repair the error, which, as a matter of tactics, he undoubtedly committed in vetoing the Civil Rights Bill. They are loud in the expression of their determination to force their policy in its fullest extent upon the country; but we feel convinced that the country will shrink from the measures which they have in view as soon as the present fit of pique or resentment against Mr. Johnson has passed off. There is at present a pause in the struggle; but the President is not the man to relinquish a cherished policy at the first defeat. He will not abandon the South so long as there remains a chance of inducing the North to listen to reason and justice; and, for our own part, we do not yet despair of this. The Fenians are still active, and are said to be making some mysterious movements on the Canadian frontier. We are happy to say that their proceedings have at last attracted the attention of the Cabinet at Washington. It is said, indeed, that one member of that Cabinet was actually in favour of countenancing, and even of aiding the Fenians; but more temperate councils prevailed. It has been semi-officially announced that the State Department has issued orders for what is called "the preservation of neutrality" on the northern frontier; and a gunboat has been sent to Eastport, where a number of these Hiberno-American filibusters are at present congregated. It may be hoped that these people will now become convinced that the United States Government does not regard their criminal enterprises with any favour, and that they will desist from any further plots against the tranquillity of Canada. We cannot help thinking that such a conviction might have been brought home to them sooner if our Government had, at an earlier stage in their proceedings, taken steps to obtain a diplomatic assurance from Mr. Seward that no invasion of the British North-American provinces would be permitted to take place from the United States. Alarmist writers on both sides of the Atlantic are prophesying all manner of evil from possible conflicts between the New England and the Canadian fishermen. But neither our own Government nor that of the United States appears to share in their apprehensions. Even if collisions should take place, they ought not to endanger the peaceful relations of the two countries. Nothing could be a fitter subject for arbitration than the respective rights of the subjects of each country to fish on particular parts of the North-American coast. No point of honour is involved in the dispute; and therefore both could, without difficulty, leave it to a third party to settle their legal position.

THE REFORM DEBATE.

THE debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill has dragged along until the close of the present week. But although many ingenious and some brilliant speeches have been delivered since we last wrote, we can hardly say with truth that any new light has been thrown upon the points at issue. When the addresses on the one side or on the other are stripped of their verbiage, they come very much to an expression of confidence in or of distrust of the working classes. That is the dividing line between the opponents and the supporters of the Bill, however anxious the latter may be to conceal the fact by elaborate protestations that all they object to is the form of procedure which the Government have adopted. Indeed, the attempt to disguise it is so futile that it is abandoned almost as soon as made. Those who begin by endorsing the arguments of Lord Stanley always end by drawing an alarming picture of the swamping of the present constituencies and by deprecating the preponderance of the £7 householders. They affirm their readiness to admit what they call the best of the working classes, but then they will only do so on conditions which are applied to no other portion of the community, and under safeguards which would deprive the new voters of any

appreciable political influence. The Conservative ideal seems to be some rearrangement of our electoral system which would give just so much support to the notion that all ranks are represented as might induce the working classes to accept it as a fact, while, in reality, it remained, as to them, the hollowest of fictions. The Tory party has not improved under the leadership of Mr. Disraeli, or gained in respectability by a large infusion of his spirit. They used to possess the respectable quality of straightforwardness, if they could not boast of political sagacity or of a genial sympathy with popular rights. But while they are not now a whit more liberal than those who opposed the Reform Bill of 1831, they are infinitely more trickey and disingenuous. They will neither pay nor refuse to pay a debt that has been long due to their unenfranchised fellow-countrymen. Their present device is to offer a cheque upon an insolvent bank, in lieu of the sterling coin which is demanded from them. In other walks or relations of life a harsh term would be applied to such conduct; and it is difficult to see why "artful dodging" should be held less disgraceful in political than in pecuniary transactions. That which the working classes ask, and that which they have a right to ask, is that they shall henceforth become, like the commercial and the landed interest, a power in the State. In return, the Conservatives offer them a miserable dole of enfranchisement, on condition that the distribution of seats is manipulated in such a manner as to place them completely at the mercy of their "betters." If they really intended to do more than this, they would certainly not object to a Bill which, on the showing of their own great statistical authority, would only give the working-classes a majority in ninety-seven boroughs, while leaving the rest of the boroughs and the whole of the county representation in the hands of the middle and upper sections of society. No one who really believes that the House of Commons should substantially represent the nation—in its weak as well as its strong points, the foolish wishes of some as well as the sound opinions of others—can say that the power over considerably less than one-sixth of its seats is too large to be held by those who outnumber several times all the rest of the community. If, indeed, it could be shown that the persons who would be admitted under a £7 franchise were incapable of forming an opinion on political subjects, were destitute of education, or corrupt in morals, then good ground might be shown for their exclusion. But, warned apparently by the scrape into which Mr. Lowe has fallen, and by the sophistical and undignified explanations to which he has been compelled to resort, the Conservative speakers have, with few exceptions, kept off this dangerous ground. They profess to be as much alive as Liberals to the improved condition and the more cultivated intelligence of the working classes. Their one objection to concede a substantial share of power to those who are now outside the Constitution is that they are so numerous. They find in the very extent of the injustice which is now done to them an argument more for perpetrating it. To our minds this mode of argument is in reality more insulting than that adopted by Mr. Lowe. It is true that that right hon, gentleman insulted the present generation of working men by a description which was altogether contrary to truth. But by assigning the unworthiness of those now living as a reason for their exclusion, he left open the door to those who may come after them, if they would only take to thinking and leave off drinking. Those, however, who adopt the line to which we have just referred, object to the working classes as working classes; they oppose a perpetual bar to their substantial enfranchisement; and demand neither more nor less than that they should be kept down lest they should put others down. As Mr. Goschen very truly said, if such reasoners are consistent they must be sorry to see the improvement of the working classes—sorry to see them saving money and living in £10 houses, because they would thus gain the franchise in increased numbers, and thus imperil that balance of classes on which the safety of the British Constitution is now said to depend. In point of fact, if there is anything in the arguments on which the Opposition have mainly relied, we ought to have a Reform Bill every now and then, not for the purpose of lowering, but of raising the franchise; and, as working men, either individually or as a class, improve their condition, it should be rendered not less but more difficult for them to enter within the charmed circle of enfranchisement.

When an argument if legitimately carried out leads to so monstrous a conclusion, it is tolerably clear that it must be founded on a fallacy. Nor is it difficult to see where that fallacy lies in the present case. This parcelling of the people out into classes—this balancing one against the other—is a principle utterly unknown to the Constitution, and is obnoxious

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alike to common sense and political justice. Fitness to exercise the franchise has hitherto been recognised, and ought still to be held the one sufficient test of the right to possess it. Of course, for the purpose of ascertaining that fitness we must, until we adopt an educational franchise, deal with classes, and deal with them in the roughest and least scientific manner. But "classes" for this purpose are not regarded as so many detached pieces of the community permanent in character, opposed in interest, and eternally condemned to be weighed one against the other in the political balance. They are simply a general name for those whom it is thought safe to intrust with political power at any given time. If we are to make each class a distinct political entity, and guard it by legislative protection against the encroachments or the preponderance of another, it is clear that in the end we must come to government for the people, rather than by the people. A nation cannot truly be called self-governed when it is forced within a Constitutional strait-waistcoat, and obliged to tolerate institutions devised for the express purpose of giving one set of persons a factitious importance and influence as compared with another, or half a dozen other sets of people. The arrangement may be ingenious, it may for a time work smoothly and produce apparently good practical results; but it is certain in the end to break down, because it is entirely artificial and mechanical, and because a Constitution can only permanently subsist by embodying every vital force of a nation, and by giving due weight and influence to every real power in the State. If the working classes become in fact the preponderating interest in the country, it is absurd to suppose that they can be prevented from controlling the Legislature and impressing their policy on the country. On no ground which does not imply a distrust of free institutions and a preference for an enlightened despotism of some kind or other -it does not matter whether of an emperor or of the educated classes—can it be said that this would be improper, unjust, or even ultimately dangerous. We regret, and undoubtedly should regret, to see the day when one class of the community should override the rest; but the true mode of averting such a calamity lies, we believe, in the timely extension of the franchise. As nothing can be more likely to harden English classes into Oriental castes than the sort of debates to which we have been lately treated, so nothing will tend more to soften down the harsher features of these same classes than a liberal enfranchisement of their members. Men will never be taught to think and act like Englishmen if they are ticketed with a peculiar name and avowedly excluded from citizenship because they come under a particular denomination.

Holding these views, we confess that we should regard with vivid alarm the policy pursued and the opinions expressed by the Opposition during the debate, if we did not feel convinced that they are powerless to stay for any length of time the progress of sound and gradual improvement. If we could believe it possible that by simple obstruction or by skilful juggling any party or order in the State could long condemn the most numerous—and not in any view the least important -order to political insignificance, we should await with apprehension the "ugly rush" which we should see clearly ahead. If the working classes are kept out as a body, or are only admitted on terms that deprive them of all power, they will some day or other apply their organizations to the franchise. Trades' unions have not hitherto been political bodies, nor do we think that they are likely to become such, unless their members are brought, as a body, to feel that they are subject to wholesale exclusion because they gain their daily bread by manual labour. Once, however, let that impression be generally diffused, and it seems to as nearly certain as anything can be that their power will be made to tell on this question in a manner which will overbear all opposition. In order to keep these organizations within their own sphere, in order to prevent working men from mixing up their politics with their views on social subjects, we would have the Legislature adopt the moderate but valuable measure of the Government. No one openly denies that something should be done, and it is hard to understand how any one who admits that there must be some reform can bring himself to think that anything less than a £7 franchise will satisfy the people for any length of time. It is equally difficult to understand on what ground it is thought better to risk the creation of a great popular agitation, by destroying a Government and, perhaps, bringing about a dissolution of Parliament, rather than submit to such inconveniences as may result from considering the franchise in one year and the redistribution of seats in the next. The fate of the Bill is, while we write, still trembling in the balance. The majority for the Government will certainly not be large. It may be so insignificant

as to make it hopeless to proceed with the measure. What course Earl Russell and his colleagues may take in such a contingency it is not for us to predict. But we do not hesitate to say that they will not, in our opinion, adequately discharge their duty to the Liberal party or to the cause of Parliamentary Reform, if they submit to defeat without appealing to the country. Elected under peculiar circumstances, and under the influence of Lord Palmerston's name, the present House of Commons represents rather the indifference and apathy, than the earnest political thought, or the strong political feeling of the country. Its verdict will be no settlement of a question that cannot be settled too soon. Nor can anything but a period of agitation and confusion result from the attempt of a Conservative Administration to carry on the government with a minority of the House of Commons. For every reason it is best that the battle should now be fought out to the end.

COLLEGE FELLOWSHIPS DECLARATION BILL.

THE division on Wednesday evening in the Commons on Mr. Bouverie's motion for going into Committee on the Fellowships of Colleges Bill is a striking index of the strength of the current of public opinion which has set in favour of turning national endowments to national purposes. The Bill was but the supplement of another which was brought in a short time ago by Mr. Coleridge, and passed its second reading, having for its object the abolition of all religious tests at Oxford in proceeding to degrees of a non-theological character. embraces, however, both the Universities, and aims at the much higher object of bringing the highest prizes of the colleges within the reach of Nonconformists. In almost all these colleges candidates are required, before admission to Fellowships, either to sign the Articles of the Church of England, or to profess conformity with its Liturgy, or to declare that they are members of the Church. But, in Oxford, in addition to these, Nonconformists are debarred from being candidates unless they have taken their M.A. degree; and this degree they cannot take, as the law now stands, unless they first sign the Thirty-nine Articles and accept the Canons. If Mr. Coleridge's Bill becomes law, of course this latter obstacle will be removed; but there will still remain the statutory prohibitions of the separate colleges to stop the way to the Nonconformist rising to the natural and just objects of his ambition. The issue is a simple one; and, even should both Bills be defeated in the House of Lords, there can be but little doubt that in the end it will be decided in favour of the Nonconformist.

It cannot be said that there was much novelty in the arguments which were adduced in the debate on either side, but the advocates of opening up the Fellowships clearly had the advantage upon theirs. It was in vain the Opposition adduced the trite and used-up arguments that the revenues of the colleges were private property, and given for the maintenance of the Established Church, and that such Nonconformists as had matriculated and proceeded to their degrees, had no just cause of complaint, because they knew beforehand what they were to expect and what not. An enlightened public opinion will not take that view of the subject, where the endowments were given for a national purpose, partiularly when given by kings and statesmen in past generations out of properties confiscated to the State. Besides, religion has really very little to do with the question. Every university man knows that, with the exception of the theological school, a very small thing indeed is the religious instruction given to the general body of students in Oxford or Cambridge; that it is almost nominal, and is confined to attendance on college chapels and a few catechetical lectures. The downright hard work of education done in these seats of learning is in mathematics, in the classics, or in the natural sciences; and it certainly is not one of the smallest anomalies of the present day that a Baptist or a Presbyterian, who is a first-rate mathematician or classic, should be ineligible to a professorial chair to teach either of these subjects, and that a tenth-rate Churchman should. The case of Mr. Stirling-to which attention was directed by Mr. Fawcetta Nonconformist, who was senior wrangler of his year, and a young man of high moral character, strikingly exemplifies the working of the system. He could not conform to the Liturgy of the Church, and the result was that an inferior man, whom he had beaten, and whom, perhaps, he could teach, was elected to the Fellowship which, by natural right, should have been his. Another instance, mentioned also by Mr. Fawcett, was that of three gifted brothers, who took brilliant honours in Trinity College, but were, through the same cause, ineligible to Fellowships; and the hardship of exclusion was not less in the case of ent will certainly not be large. It may be so insignificant

the student of Christ Church, who was first in his year in Moral Science, and took, besides, a high mathematical honour. In all these instances, we may feel assured that Cambridge itself experienced a loss in the exclusion of such talent from its teaching staff, and this is the opinion of some of the largest-minded men of the day who are engaged in education, among whom is Dr. Temple, of Rugby.

That this Bill will soon become law is very doubtful. It can hardly be expected that it will survive the perils which await it in the House of Lords. But that the highest benefits and honours of our national universities eventually will be opened to Dissenters is an event which may with certainty be expected from the progressive spirit of the age. The question, as mooted by Mr. Bouverie, does not include the admission of Roman Catholics to these privileges. Besides the Church of England tests there is another obstacle which excludes them, namely, the oath of abjuration. Whether that difficulty can be surmounted, is a question for a future day; and with it Mr. Bouverie does not meddle, the object of his Bill being not to force, but simply to "enable," the authorities of the colleges to admit Nonconformists to Fellowships whensoever it appears to them desirable or expedient to do so.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

WE learn the singular fact from Irish newspapers that the steamers from Queenstown have already conveyed 14,000 emigrants to America since January. No less than five lines of first-class boats are established in the trade; and although the fare has been uniformly raised from five to seven guineas, the number of emigrants this season is far in excess of the number during the corresponding period last year. We also read that they mostly consist of young and stalwart men and comely women, that with few exceptions they appear to be well clad, and that they exhibit a singular insensibility for native land, the sentiment of the business being altogether performed by those who are left behind. So fierce is the rush that four or five hundred are regularly put back through want of accommodation, and every other day the ships of Messrs. Inman, Cunard, or Guion, go out freighted to the gunwales with passengers who accept all the novelties of the exodus in a matter-of-fact, and most phlegmatic manner. It is not pretended that they are, directly at least, the victims of what is termed landlord tyranny, their departure is from choice, and the selection is made with an alacrity for which it is not easy to account. The war retarded the movement for a time, but the spur which has been lately given to it may be ascribed to many and diverse causes. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act exercised a curious influence on the peasantry. Their notions of the suspension were not unlike those of Mr. Weller, who translated the phrase, "Have his carcase." A stampede has seized them in some districts, and the fact is disagreeably suggestive, and indicates that the taint of disaffection was widespread. Besides this motive, compounded of a bad conscience and the fear of police, we must consider the absence of those ties which bind more enlightened nations to the soil. Patriotism in its real sense, despite the bluster made about it, is not understood in Ireland. Where there is no history to be proud of there can be no patriotism. A succession of conquests, a dim uncouth literature, a parliament which snuffed itself out and left an ill odour after it, is not much to boast of. The national poet was obliged to excavate one Brian Boru for a rhyming apotheosis, and some excellent antiquarians hold that Brian Boru is just as mythical a personage as Brian O'Linn, a gentleman whom our readers will remember as more than equal to an embarrassing situation connected with his wardrobe. We do not maintain for a moment that other Irishmen have not distinguished themselves. Burke, Swift, Grattan, Flood, Shiel, and O'Connell are names which the world will not willingly let die, but their greatest triumphs were achieved by the aid of a language not their own, and by appeals to a history in which they could claim no citizenship. Ireland is warped, woven, and welded with England in a fashion which precludes a distinct nationality. Irish nationality is a contradiction in terms; the nationality best suited for Ireland would be that resulting in a cordial and complete identity with us. We have seen a different theory propounded recently, in which the writer recommended that the Government should encourage the wearing of green uniforms and the general blazonry of patriotic sentiment on the ground that our Scotch neighbours were won by analogous concessions, and that the Highland regiments were attached to our service by the allowance made for the eccentricities of the Gaelic costume and the deference prominently paid to their unaccountable affection for the bag-pipes. If the writer was aware of the remote fables on which "Irish nationality" has been constructed, and of the general ignorance and indifference about them except among the poetlings of journals affected with a determination of treason and adjectives to the head, he might be tempted to recall a very absurd opinion. And this emigration movement bears us out. The people do not care for Ireland if they can leave it. Patriotism is a complex emotion and will not flourish among a race who have no time to link associations, and who have but very few respectable associations to link if they had time; whose fancy or taste has never been cultivated; and who, although they may possess in themselves the raw material from which the sentiment of fatherland might grow, are neither advanced nor happy enough to entertain a notion beyond that of the hard necessity for living and a kind of superstition that in America the hardship of that necessity can be reduced to a minimum. We cheerfully testify to the virtues of the race—their courage, chastity, and intelligence are undeniable, but patriotism is more an accomplishment than a virtue; and, in the teeth of Sir Walter Scott's famous stanza, a man may be a very excellent man and not care twopence for his native land. The rate of wages in America counterbalances the glories of "Brian the brave" in Ireland. If the Irish were sincerely attached to their country they would certainly return after acquiring fortunes in other lands, but as a fact they do not return. The first money saved is posted to bring out the remainder of the family, and, once out, an Irishman takes root in a foreign soil as if he never heard of Galway, Cork, or Tipperary. The desire for acres with which the Irish peasant is possessed, must not be confounded with patriotism. If a countryman of the lowest class does not emigrate, if he succeeds in adding a perch to his garden and a pig to his stock, he occasionally is able to lodge a hundred pounds in a bank. With this he will invest in a village whisky-shop, and consider himself a fortunate and a successful man, who has reached the very sum nit of ambition. Even large farmers are ready enough to dispose of any interest they may have in land, and they change their spots with a facility which argues no particular attachment to the homestead, while at times they set up a shop in the towns of a bibulous character, or of a sort in which the holiday clothes of their own class is vended. Of America they are always hearing as a land of plenty overflowing with dollars. Outside the chapel doors on Sundays the flaming placards are carried which announce the weekly sailings. In far mountain districts agents drop these placards or paste them on walls, and they possess an irresistible attraction for Paddy. Soon he manages to scrape together the passage money, and then he is off for Queenstown, or as he still calls it "the Cove of Cork." His luggage is not heavy. He has a mysterious proclivity for tin cans, and appears to regard a birdcage, a stone jar, and a walking stick, as indispensable for a sea voyage. He does not exhibit any marked symptoms of melancholy or regret, but will moon about the quays until his turn comes, refreshing himself half-hourly with pints of porter, and getting gradually numbed into the luxurious sensation of stupidity, which is a usual effect of the beverage. If he has a wife and children he makes over the nursery cares entirely to his helpmate, who picnics on the wharf with neighbours also bound for the Far West. There is a curious inclination on the part of ladies to undertake the passage in a condition known as interesting. The great danger to which the emigrant is subjected arises from the land sharks who infest the yards round the ticket offices. Some of these gentry are sure to accost Paddy on his arrival and offer to be his guide, philosopher, and friend over the lions of the place, and to induct him into those excitements of dissipation which are unknown in country quarters. The result of adopting such an acquaintance may be guessed; it was told, by Horace and by Juvenal; but if Paddy gets an inkling through the mist of porter, the charms of the fiddle and of the penny casino, that a game is being played upon him, his vengeance is instant and terrible; he never fails or hesitates to bring down the invariable stick with a desperate energy on the head of Mr. Rook. Generally speaking, however, the arrangements of the local corporation and magistracy are such as to protect the emigrants from spoliation and annoyance. The embarkation is a scene often described by pen and picture. Its features are always the same and only vary in degree. As the tugs give a final snort, mingled cheers and wailings are exchanged by those on board and those on shore, and goodlucks and good-byes are flung after the tender, even as an old shoe is cast after the courageous experimenters of matrimony. When on board, the emigrant assumes the station allotted to him, and complies with all the requirements of the situation in the most orderly way.

It would be impossible to treat with adequate depth or seriousness the grave aspects of the emigration question in the course of a single article, and there is only here an attempt at removing a fallacy which exists on the subject. An emigrant from Ireland experiences no patriotic home-sickness, and perhaps so much the better; an Irish peasant endures real miseries enough without being accredited with those of a fictitious or a romantic description. Certain it is that if emigration progresses as it is progressing, if some unforeseen cause does not check it, Ireland will run the risk of depopulation. At present the landlords find it difficult to procure hands for field work, and wages have increased almost a third since last season. In this latter circumstance we see reason for hope, but it is doubtful whether at any time the rate of wages in Ireland can ever compete so closely with the rate in America as to correct the virulent anxiety of the Irish peasant to leave his country. If the American wage-rate was on a par with that of the Irish we are almost inclined to think that the bias would still remain towards the United States; the Irish are clannish, though not patriotic, and there is scarce a family in the island that is not largely represented across the Atlantic. It may be worth our while to remove any incentives to emigration which are discreditable to our government of the country, but it will be found that there are many incentives beyond the power of government to control and which it will even be difficult to mitigate.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

When the beautiful Creole, Rose Josèphe Tascher de la Pagène, afterwards better known as the Empress Josephine, was a young girl in her West Indian home, it is said that one day she had her fortune told by an Obeah woman, who predicted that she and her descendants should sit on thrones. Such a fortune seemed far enough off at the time, and seemed even further off at a later period, when she was the widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais, and stood in a relation which we had better not try to define towards the Director (some time the dancing-master) Barras. About this time we find her in the train of Madame Tallien, "intent," as Mr. Carlyle says, "to blandish down the grimness of Republican austerity, and recivilize mankind." And by-and-by comes to these reunions "that little bronze-complexioned artillery officer of Toulon, home from the Italian wars. Grim enough-of lean, almost cruel aspect; for he has been in trouble, in ill-health; also in ill-favour, as a man promoted, deservingly or not, by the Terrorists and Robespierre, Junior. But does not Barras know him? Will not Barras speak a word for him? Yes-if at any time it will serve Barras so to do. Somewhat forlorn of fortune, for the present, stands that artillery officer; looks, with those deep earnest eyes of his, into a future as waste as the most. Taciturn; yet with the strongest utterances in him if you awaken him, which smite home, like light or lightning;on the whole, rather dangerous! A 'dissocial' man? Dissocial enough; a natural terror and horror to all phantasms, being himself of the genus reality! He stands here, without work or outlook, in this forsaken manner; -glances nevertheless, it would seem, at the kind glance of Josephine Beauharnais; and, for the rest, with severe countenance, with open eyes, and closed lips, waits what will betide."

Madame Beauharnais soon became Madame Bonaparte, and not long after the Obeah woman's prophecy began to be fulfilled. An evening contemporary, whose toned paper and archaic type convey to the world of the more enlightened a great variety of misinformation, stated some time ago, in an article on the Marriage Laws, that Napoleon was a bigamist when he was crowned by Pius VII. But every one who is not absolutely ignorant of modern history is aware that Napoleon had no wife but Josephine at the time of his coronation. Rome, in fact, never acknowledged the validity of his subsequent marriage with Maria Louisa. It would seem that the Obeah woman's prophecy had made some impression not only on Josephine's mind but also on Napoleon's; for it is recorded that she said to him at one time, when the project of divorce had reached her ears, "Remember, Bonaparte, that it is to my descendants the thrones have been promised." However this may be, it is certain at least that the King of Rome (whom Bonapartists call Napoleon II.) died Duke of Reichstadt. Josephine's daughter Hortense, on the other hand, became Queen of Holland, and mother of the present Emperor of the French. Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnais, did not attain any higher dignity than that of Viceroy of Italy, but he married a daughter of the King of Bavaria, and assumed, after

Napoleon's downfall, the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. His eldest son married Donna Maria da Gloria, and shared with her for a few short months the throne of Portugal. His second son, Maximilian, married the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia. His daughter Josephine married King Oscar of Sweden. His daughter Amelia was the second wife of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. His daughter Theodolinda did not make as great a match as either of her sisters: she married Count William of Wurtemberg.

The children of Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg, received from their grandfather, the Emperor Nicholas, the name of Romanowski and the title of "Imperial Highness." One of them, the Princess Mary, is married to Duke William of Baden. The second daughter, the Princess Eugénie, has been spoken of, probably without sufficient authority, as likely to be married to Prince Humbert of Italy. It will be remembered that the eldest son, Nicholas, has been put forward, from time to time, by the Russian party in the Principalities, as a candidate for the throne of Roumania. If the interests of nations did not clash with those of families, the claims of a candidate who is at once the nephew of the Emperor Alexander II. and the cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III., would seem to be irresistible. Queen Josephine, Dowager of Sweden, is still alive. Her eldest son, Charles XV., is the reigning king. It is considered very probable that his only child, the Princess Louisa, now in her fifteenth year, will become the wife of the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark. Thus, then, while the Crown of the First Napoleon has come, not to a descendant of his own, but to the grandson of his discarded wife, her great grandson sits at the same time on the throne of Sweden, and the connection of her descendants with nearly all the great and little royalties of Europe is extending every day.

But it was not merely in the person of her own children that Josephine made the Beauharnais family illustrious. Two orphan girls of the name, nieces of her first husband and cousins of Eugene and Hortense, were adopted by her. One of them married the Grand Duke Charles of Baden; the other married the Comte de Lavalette, to whose romantic escape from prison, after the Hundred Days, her devoted affection lent such effectual aid. Her son, the Marquis de Lavalette, is now Minister of the Interior in France, in which position, however, he makes it very apparent that the lessons of adversity which the history of his parents ought to teach have been lost upon him. The Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden had two daughters; the elder of them, the Princess Josephine, is the wife of the Prince of Hohenzollern. Her eldest daughter, the Princess Stephanie, was married to the late Dom Pedro V., King of Portugal, whose untimely death was hastened by grief at hers. The eldest son of the Princess of Hohenzollern, Prince Leopold, is married to the younger sister of the King of Portugal, the Princess Antonia. Her second son, Prince Charles, has just been elected, by universal suffrage, Hospodar of Roumania. This is no small promotion-supposing it to take effect-for a young officer of Prussian dragoons. The Princess Mary of Baden, younger daughter of the Grand Duchess Stephanie, married the late Duke of Hamilton, and is the mother of the present duke. She ranks as a member of the Imperial family of France.

It will be seen, from our rapid summary, that the Beauharnais family has become one of the greatest marrying families in Europe. Once it was sung of the House of Hapsburg:—

> "Bella gerent alii; tu, felix Austria, nube; Nam quæ Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus."

But in the matrimonial race the House of Coburg has in recent times outstripped the House of Hapsburg, and the House of Beauharnais treads close on the heels of the House of Coburg. Many of the proudest names in Europe are borne by the descendants of one who was the daughter of a West Indian planter, and no more, some eighty years ago.

SALMON FISHING.

However independent as a whole the body of our legislators may be, there is no doubt that private interests have a direct effect upon the votes arrived at. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was only expressing under cover of an exaggerated supposititious case that which has existence in fact when he said, the other night, that if the clergy returned the House of Commons the people would find it out in the matter of Church-rates; and if the farmers, in the matter of the Malt-tax. He might have said that if a majority of the members returned were farmers, or were themselves directly interested in the main-

tenance of Church-rates, the people would feel the influence of this representation of classes by members of those classes in the House. It is notorious, for instance, that the railway interest and the brewing interest are so abundantly represented. not merely as constituencies but by principals, that many questions relating to those important branches of the affairs of the country are practically prejudged, and all efforts to the contrary are, for the present, hopeless. And so the enactments of the Game Laws bear the impress of the class under whose auspices they became law. We apprehend that if the farmers of England were to come before Parliament and make publicly that statement of their grievances in the matter of fox-hunting and hare-hunting which is so very generally on their lips in the early spring time, Parliament would see difficulties in the way of doing anything. Farmers will tell in private how completely their views of hunting have changed of late. In old times the fields lay unbroken till late in the spring, and all the horses in the world might go and gallop over them, and welcome. Besides, in those same old times, men hunted because they liked it, not because it was fashionable; they were able and willing to clear such fences as came in their way, instead of smashing the hinges and fastenings of gates, or making gaps in the hedges wide enough to let a flock of sheep pass out abreast. In these days the fields are put in hand ever so much earlier, and the crops are, accordingly, in a more forward state, or rather, there is a much greater average of forward crops than there was some years ago; and now that farming is so much more neat and exact, the theory that a field of horsemen pounding cross corners over a fine crop of wheat does it rather good than harm appears to have exploded, so far, at least, as the owners of the wheat are concerned. No one can help seeing the damage done to the trim fences by the tag-rag and bob-tail which turns out, on all sorts of impossible quadrupeds, to see the hunt; among which tag-rag and bob-tail may be classed the gentlemen who hunt because cotton was lively last year, and they have accordingly increased their establishments. The old style of fence, like the old style of farming, suffered comparatively nothing from the sport of the "good, old English gentleman;" but things are changed now, and so farmers have taken to shooting at the gallant riders who come smashing across their farms. Our legislators are fond of hunting, and they are quite right to be so. They would be less fit to rule the country if they were less able to appreciate the charms of the chase; but they are less able to legislate coolly respecting the chase than they would be if their own tastes were not involved.

Legislation respecting salmon fishing is a curious example of the blinding effects of private tastes and interests. Of late years those who can afford the money—as well as a good many who cannot-rush up to Scotland for a crusade against the grouse, the salmon, or the deer. The first and last of these objects of sport have been amply legislated upon. They are as much a private personal possession of the owners of the land whereon they live as are a man's sheep and cattle. The country takes care that they are allowed to breed in peace, but once they are in season their owners may do with them pretty much what they will. With salmon it is not so. The right of salmon fishing is secured to Scotch owners-with the exception perhaps of the border waters of the Tweed and Solwayby Crown charters, and is a definite property which can be sold, let, made the subject of complicated family provisions, and in every way treated like so much land or house property. As with other game so with salmon, it is right that there should be distinct legislation respecting a clear season for breeding. An annual close time of 120 days, and strict supervision of the upper waters during this period for the protection of the breeding fish, with a careful check upon the destruction of the young fry throughout the year, should meet the requirements of the case. All ordinary modes of fishing which were in use at the time when the charter was granted would seem to be legalized by the charter, and also all times of fishing. Posterior legislation should do no more than make the practice keep pace with the discoveries of natural history, amending anything which may be shown to be unnecessarily prejudicial to the increase of fish. To take away from one set of proprietors portions of valuable rights secured by charter, for the sake of making them over to other proprietors, whose chartered rights are not so valuable, would not seem to be within the usually received compass of legislation. And even less still does it appear to be constitutional to take away these portions of rights in order to provide better sport for gentlemen, whose sporting tastes take the form of a love for the gentle craft.

In any quick-flowing river of considerable length the probability is that the upper proprietors outnumber the lower; that is, that the tidal portion of the water is of less extent than the remainder of the river. Thus the upper proprietors, as a rule, will be

possessed of greater influence than the lower, and can make their complaints more loud in the House than the counterstatements of those whose interests are antagonistic to theirs. Besides, the rod is of little use in the tidal portion of a large river like the Tay, and that fact throws at once the private tastes of piscatorial members into the scale weighted by the upper proprietors. Up to 1828, salmon had got on very well with nothing but an annual close time commencing on the 26th of August. In that year, the net season was made to extend to the 14th of September, and the destruction of breeding-fish was so great that owners found they were killing the goose that laid the golden eggs; and in 1858 a private act for the Tay fixed the commencement of the close season once more on the 26th of August, allowing rod-fishing to continue till the 1st of October. Up to 1862, the only close time for net and coble during the open season was the twentyfour hours from midnight on Saturday, to preserve the " sanctity of the Sabbath," and in the case of cruives this was extended by some hours, the Saturday's slap lasting from sunset on Saturday to sunrise on Monday. In 1862, the Houses of Parliament were fond of rodfishing. They found that the lower proprietors secured a very large proportion of the fish by net and coble before they could run past the tidal stations, and at the suggestion of the upper proprietors a further restriction was put upon the use of the net, providing better sport for the rod-fishers on the upper waters. To the weekly close time the hours were added from six p.m. to midnight of Saturday, and from midnight to six a.m. on Monday. It must be remembered that the success of the dark hours in net-fishing is at least three times that of the light hours, in order to see what a large amount of real property was thus taken away; and this is a question affecting thousands of pounds of annual fishing-rental in one river alone. Salmon are observed to run more rapidly in tidal waters by day than by night; so that, if it really was necessary that twelve additional hours should be taken away from the lower nets, the hours from noon on Saturday to midnight would have given the fish six hours to run, and six hours to rest, unmolested. The peculiar hardship of the enactment of 1862 appears to be that not only are the dark hours three times as profitable as the light, but the alternate Monday mornings before daylight, when the tide suited, were frequently as productive as any four tides during the week taken together, on account of the large collection of fish which had taken place during the previous twenty-four hours of rest.

Parliament seems to have forgotten in 1862 the inalienable character of the rights with which they meddled. It is not a question of poorer or better sport for sporting gentlemen, but a question of real property that is involved. The same principle that prevents the destruction of the collected fish on Monday mornings should put a stop to the battue. The same principle that ties the hands of net proprietors on the lower waters, in order to provide sport for upper proprietors, should stop the shooting of woodcocks for so many hours of the week on their line of migration, for they follow a line in some parts quite as precise as do salmon confined between the banks of a large river. And considering the large consumption of salmon in the country, it is very important that the supply of that staple commodity in the best possible condition, i. e., from the tidal waters, should not be interfered with. Owing to increased drainage, and to the much greater number of persons qualified by their position to become poachers and destroyers of the spawning and the young fish, the salmon requires more careful tending than it did previously to 1828. But breeding-ponds, and a supervision of the upper tributaries, and a watch upon such mills as poison the waters, are more constitutional means for maintaining and increasing the supplies than this strange meddling with chartered rights. Lord Stanley of Alderley has introduced a Bill for amending the Salmon Fisheries Acts, and he seems to recognise to some extent the principles of compensation and repeal. This will afford an opportunity of re-considering the hasty legislation of 1862, and it seems that the substitution of the twelve hours from noon to midnight on Saturday for the six dark hours of that day and the six hours of Monday morning, would be a seasonable compromise between the opposing interests.

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THERE are few things which tell more in a man's favour than the having made an agreeable impression upon people who were disposed to give him the cold shoulder. The mischief is that the gap between self-satisfaction and selfconceit should be so very narrow that almost the first thing

a man does when he has reason to congratulate himself on a success for which he hardly dared to hope is to step across it. There has seldom been a richer example of this unfortunate truth than the singular turn which Brother Ignatius has given to his Roman experiences. That erratic but, no doubt, wellmeaning person, issued, early in the year, what we suppose we ought to call a pastoral, informing the faithful that his valuable life hung upon a very slender thread, that, in order to convert that thread into less precarious material, it was necessary that he should take a trip to foreign parts, and that, in order to take that trip, he must have money. This last conclusion was so very self-evident, and its corollary-that, as he had ruined his health in the propagation of certain views, those who sympathized with those views, and had paid a cheaper price for their faith in them, should pay the little bill for the possible recovery of his health-so successfully commended itself to the tiers état of the English order of St. Benedict that, in a short time, Brother Ignatius was able to announce his immediate departure for the Holy Land, via France, Italy, Rome, Naples, and Malta. This decidedly agreeable trip-not cheap under any circumstances in these days of railroads and hotels—was made a very expensive trip by the company of a lay brother, of a nursing sister, and of the little boy vulgarly known as the infant Samuel. With this following, Brother Ignatius started from England at the end of January. "The Father" travelled in the full costume of a lord abbot of the order, with his ring on his hand and his pectoral cross gaily flashing on his breast, and with, we presume, the mitre and crozier-disjointed, of course, like a patent parasol or a fishing-rod-in his portmanteau. The lay-brother wore the peculiar toggery of his species; the little Samuel was clothed in a linen ephod, or, more vulgarly speaking, a white cassock, with a blue ribbon and medal about his neck; and the sister-the only one of the party either fish, or fowl, or good red herring-wore the costume of her kind over the way. However anachronistic the party may have looked in a first-class railway carriage of an express train, or in a handsome suite of apartments in a fashionable hotel-both which were necessary bulwarks of the abatial dignity-the holy convoy arrived safe in Rome late one night in Carnival week, and at once proceeded bodily to the English Roman Catholic college, and knocked up the rector. To many simple persons this seemed a great impertinence, considering the peculiar position of Brother Ignatius towards the Roman Communion, and the fact that he brought no introduction but himself. But, possibly, the right reverend abbot had in his mind the text about coals of fire. At any rate, he was courteously received by the kind-hearted gentleman who presides over the English college, and recommended to the Minerva Hotel as a suitable lodging. The proprietor of the Minerva, however, happening to have a salutary fear of a little regulation just then in force, making it penal to travestie religious attire during Carnival time, and being aware that for a bonâ-fide monk and a bonâ-fide nun to travel together with a little child there was no precedent in the range of his ecclesiastical memory, he washed his hands of them by a prompt refusal to hear any of their host-bewitching offers. They accordingly migrated to the English quarter, and were there received by Herr Fritz of the Allemagne, to whose larger sympathies they probably seemed—as they had probably seemed to the good people of the north of Italy-the pioneer birds of that promised summer when every monk should have his nun.

From a first-floor suite in this hospitable abode Brother Ignatius wrote a modest request for a student of the English college to pilot him about Rome. The toocourteous rector sent a student who had not only been a Cambridge man, but also a clergyman of the Church of England-a graceful act barely appreciated by Brother Ignatius. In the company of this gentleman, Brother Ignatius visited the principal Benedictine monastery of Rome. To the good brothers he seemed a moral gorilla, and they handled him and examined him much as we should handle and examine one of that renowned species if we were quite sure he would not bite. One Benedictine bishop literally turned the poor brother about, examining back and front in the most disrespectful manner, considering that he was a mitred abbot, and, shrugging his shoulders, patted him on the back, as who should say, "Poor fellow, he has no tusks, you see!" By a brother abbot he was treated with a comical pity, through which the poor man never seemed to see. Others looked at him with kindly but sorrowing eyes. Others, as the monks of St. Paul's, disclaimed all family connection by refusing to admit him into their house. One only, a "bould" Irishman, bad him be off to his native woods. The sister fared even

worse. The privileges of her sex were denied her, and her request to be allowed to inspect a convent was met by a refusal to admit her without superior orders. But Brother Ignatius aimed at something higher than a few monks and a stray bishop. He must see the Pope, and the Pope consented to be seen. The showman had orders to bring the menagerie to the palace. Time must now and then hang heavily at the Vatican as at less spiritual palaces, and the cameriere and the prelates of the Chamber were as like to enjoy a raree show as the Princess Beatrice or the Prince Imperial. So Brother Ignatius and his convoy went to the Vatican, but the minor beasts were not deemed of sufficient consideration to enter. Nor was he himself received in the private room, as are other Christians, be their views what they may, and even Turks, infidels, and Jews, for that matter. The creature was ordered to be kept in the ante-chamber till it should be the pleasure of his Holiness to pass that way, and meantime the cameriere and the prelates could have their stare at him. His Holiness is a kindly man, and he did not keep him long. The Pope's first word of greeting would have been plain enough to any one less conceited of his cause than Brother Ignatius, provided he understood Church Latin, which "the Father" apparently does not. The Pope laid his hand on the shaven crown, and took hold of the monkish dress, saying slowly-"Mi fili, cucullus non facit monachum." He went on in French-a language not understandable by Brother Ignatius-"You were one of those who signed the address to me about corporate reunion, were you not? Have you seen the answer? If you read that you will find the way in which you can become a true monk. You must pray-doce me veritatem tuam. You call it dogs, don't you." The Pope then directed one of the prelates to give Brother Ignatius a copy of Cardinal Patrizi's reply to the address, which had been already done, and looking pitifully on the wan and wasted being who crouched at his feet, overcome by his feelings, he added a tender word or two more in the same direction, blessed the rosaries and medals which the poor soul had carried there for the purpose, and left him. Later on, seeing him still in the palace, his Holiness gave him a medal. A more perfect union of a complete snubbing of all the claims and pretensions of the monk with a Christian tenderness for the man, it would be difficult to imagine.

Brother Ignatius then led the rest of his convoy into St. Peter's, and lifted up his baby novice to kiss the famous bronze foot of the well-known statue of St. Peter. On the following Sunday he did, indeed, go out to communion to the early service at the English church, but he did not omit to go afterwards to Mass. At the English church he received an unpleasant rebuff through his lay brother. This worthy man, according to his wont, walked into the vestry, and astonished the curate by asking to go to confession. The curate declined, on the plea that unless the brother had murdered his grandmother, or committed some similar enormity, there was no necessity to go to confession. The good brother demurred to this reasoning-he must have his confession, or go without his communion. The scene that ensued was a little funny. The stout, bewhiskered curate sat down in his surplice, and Brother Philip began his confession. He commenced by accusing himself of want of fidelity to his monastic vows, which, by the bye, are taken in that interesting community on the first day of entry. This was too much for the curate, who, starting up with an asseveration that the Church of England knows nothing about monastic vows, sent the Brother disconsolately out of the vestry. On Ash Wednesday Brother Ignatius was invited to dine at the Dominican Convent of Sta. Sabina. As every one who has ever had the courteous attention of that body, when visiting their exquisitely situated old place, is well aware, these monks are men of the very straitest sect of the Dominicans. The dinner would, therefore, be hardly satisfactory to a man of the world, considering the day of the year. But to Brother Ignatius it would naturally commend itself, and at least the suave and placid manners of his hosts would be consoling to him. Oddly enough these very manners were destined to cut prematurely short his agreeable stay in Rome. Brother Philip, who accompanied him, was so much struck by the contrast between the simple and even life of a place which so many men had made their home for years, and the monkery at Norwich, where fresh faces appeared every month, and from which every one was ready to run the moment he found that he could not be his own pope,-that he there and then declared his intention of giving up his allegiance, and of swearing fidelity to a new master. It is possible that Brother Philip was assisted to this conclusion by the telling fact that at the hour of noon on a strict fast day there was food and plenty of

it—meagre as it was—while his confrères in merry England would have to wait through a shivering winter's day till six o'clock in the evening. The contrast between his own lot and the lot of those over the way was thus forcibly impressed upon him, and Brother Philip, being one of Nature's philosophers, sagely observed, when relating his experiences, that "he didn't see no merit in killin hisself." But Brother Ignatius carried off his rebellious subject, and by some moral thumbscrew or other succeeded in reducing him to obedience; for when his friend of a few days called at the Allemagne the next morning as usual, he was reported gone to Naples by an early train.

Now it will strike the densest reader that in all this there is sorry material for getting up a crow. Brother Ignatius, however, thinks differently. Not only has he got up a crow, he has positively gone off into pæans. "A strange event has happened to-day. Our English order of St. Benedict has been blessed in me to-day by the Patriarch of the West. Of course his Holiness desires that we should submit to the Church of Rome, but I am convinced that he wishes us God-speed in the Church of England!" This specimen is sufficient. Verily, Brother Ignatius must have been recreating his mind by reading poor Hawthorne's tale of the Voyage of the Argonauts, until he believed that he too could see through a millstone. In order to support his view of the case he is obliged to suppress unpleasant facts, and to give a very mangled account of his interview with the Pope. The excuse for him is that he really did not understand what the Pope said to him-his feelings were highly wrought, and Latin in an Italian mouth is not always recognisable by Englishmen even better educated than Brother Ignatius, though of his ignorance of French he need not have been ashamed, as it is a fault unhappily too English. We need scarcely say that in calling attention to this blunder on his part we have had neither the wish nor the intention of attacking Brother Ignatius because his views and ways are views and ways with which we can have no possible sympathy. To our thinking Brother Ignatius has quite as much right to set up a monkery at Norwich as the Irvingites have to set up a temple in Gordon-square, or as Dr. Manning has to build a cathedral at Westminster-provided he can pay his way and is not interfering with the rights and conveniences of other people, and can square with his own conscience the consequent defiance of that authority which he is supposed to have sworn to obey. Our complaint against Brother Ignatius is quite of another kind. We blame him for having introduced a canon which is likely to make life very unpleasant. For what is to become of us if when we show courtesy and pity to any wild visionary who has worn himself to a wreck in the very springtime of his days, we are to be straightway set down as cooperators in his madness, and well-wishers to his schemes? It is a little hard to have our kind actions twisted in this fashion. But this is the fate which the persons who were kind to Brother Ignatius in Rome have brought upon themselves by acts not only innocent but praise-worthy. They saw before them a young man with intellect and refinement about him, worn to the bone in the effort to prosecute a visionary scheme almost single-handed. There was a daring about his story, and daring and pluck somehow find their way to every generous human heart. And it is a rare sight in these days to see a man wasted almost to death in pursuit of a high though an erroneous ideal. So they dealt gently with him, and treated him much as one would treat a sick and fevered child. They had not meant to smile at him-the very lornness of his condition won for him their tender consideration. But Brother Ignatius has made the stupid blunder of mistaking pity for sympathy, forbearance and courtesy for the right hand of fellowship. We thank him for reminding us of our own liability to make the same mistake, and for warning us off a quicksand by his example. We correct his statements thus late, because he is now so well on his way that the correction can do him no injury in the eyes of his worshippers. But we think that he will do wiser next time he is under similar circumstances not to commit over again the same stupid blunder. He has only himself to thank if, next time he visits Rome, those who were the other day so courteous to him should pass him by on the

FOX-HUNTING AND STEEPLE-CHASING.

The taste for fox-hunting has of late years spread far and wide. After local politics and professional topics, no subject during the hunting season crops up so readily in the club, the market-place, or even the library of the House of Commons, as the last good run with the fox-hounds. As we know that fox-hunting, in spite of some of its modern deteriorations, is a manly sport, which, on the whole, has a good effect on the

national character, we always give it all due encouragement. But we cannot honestly extend to steeple-chasing the commendation which fox-hunting deserves. This steeple-chasing sport, if sport it be, appeals to the baser passions of human nature, just as fox-hunting appeals to the more generous emotions. In fox-hunting there may be a certain degree of cruelty to an animal who, but for fox-hunting, would not for one moment be permitted to exist. But fox-preserving goes steadily on though a difficult and in many counties a most expensive affair. The animal is cherished for years in order that he may be chased for hours. In spite of the cruelty of the actual chase, the fox gains, so to speak, existence itself at the hands of the fox-hunter—an existence, too, on the whole, of great quiet and enjoyment, however sometimes rudely interrupted. There are scores of covers in England in which foxes are carefully preserved all the year round, and which are only disturbed by the fox-hounds three or four days in the twelve-month. In these secure retreats the risk to each particular fox of being found, much more of being killed, is small. For one fox that dies, what some huntsman whose name we forget calls a "natural death," i.e., a death by fox-hounds, many foxes live to rejoice in the protection which the fox-preserver affords them. They are in times of difficulty watched, fed with young rooks and old rabbits, and guarded from all harm. It is but the other day that a parliamentary candidate for one of our counties lost his election because it was hinted that he killed foxes. A "vulpicide" is generally considered, in correct society, as next door to a murderer.

Such, then, is the natural history of fox-preserving. The fox, in the long run, is all the better for fox-hunting, and is allowed to live that fox-hunters may be in at his death. To proceed one step further. There is no doubt of the pleasurea pleasure amounting, at times, to ecstacy, which fox-hunting affords to all concerned except the fox. The midshipman on his night watch, the subaltern perspiring under the punkah, the banker at his desk-all these, and many more, sigh when they think of the distance which separates them from horses and hounds. The youth of England revel in the chase. To the horse, as a general rule, too, fox-hunting is delightful. He fully enters into the ambition of his rider, he loves the music of the chase, and strains every nerve to keep close to the hounds in full cry. Sometimes, owing to the fault of the groom or the rider, or want of condition, or want of judgment, the noble animal is over-marked, and falls a victim to his own spirit and the stupidity of his owner. But such cases are comparatively rare, and, on the whole, the happiness of the race of horses is vastly increased by the incidents of fox-hunting. As to the hound, after the lesson of obedience has once been enforced, the fox-hound leads a life of luxurious ease during the summer and of pleasurable excitement during the autumn and winter. So long as his vital powers are in full vigour he enjoys his life; and, when unfit for further enjoyment, a charge of shot puts him in a moment out of existence and beyond suffering. Fox-hunting, then, not to quote the hackneyed speech of the huntsman, conduces to the enjoyment of man, horse, and hound, and to the very existence of the animal who suffers most by it. The courage, the endurance, the patience, and the skill of man and of his two favourite domestic animals, are alike promoted and rewarded by it, and within proper limits the whole thing is to be accepted and approved.

We wish the same opinion could be passed on steeplechasing and its attendant circumstances. This so-called sport is supposed to be acceptable to fox-hunters when violets, green leaves, and springing crops warn them to give up the chase. But for the real sportsman, for the man wno loves and cherishes his horse, the steeple-chase has no charms. There are two classes of sporting men-not sportsmen-who love the steeple-chase. First, the betting man, who hopes to make a good book, regardless of how many men or horses break their necks or their backs so long as he is a gainer; secondly, the young-very young, and very green-cornet of horse, the unfledged small squire or large farmer, whose blood wants cooling in a series of brooks or artificial ditches. The rider in such races must look out for himself, and if, as often happens, he breaks his neck or his bones, must not expect to be pitied. He knows, or ought to know, that it is a service of danger to ride a horse in cold blood, without the excitements of hound and horn, over a difficult country. But as lovers of fair sport, we protest against the cruelty of racing for four miles over hedges and ditches, with nothing to encourage, and with much to scare and terrify, the horse. There is not a week during the steeple-chase season which is not stained with the blood of noble generous horses pressed and hustled to death by brutal or unfeeling jockeys. To take two of the latest instances. At Ringmer, near Lewes, a steeple-chase jockey

the other day cudgelled and illtreated his exhausted horse to such a degree that the mob rushed upon him in fury, and but for the prompt action of the police would have torn the offender to pieces. Again, at the Grand National Steeple-chase at Crewkerne, a few days since, a noble horse was ridden to death, and wantonly, if not cruelly, destroyed. Instances such as these, which, be it remarked, are of constant occurrence, cause the blood of the real sportsman to boil, and make us all ask how much longer English gentlemen, and we must add English women, will by their presence tolerate such cruelties? The sporting prints already begin to lament over the thin attendance of the better classes on these occasions. We can only add our sincere desire that steeple-chasing may, before long, be consigned to the rank to which, as a cruel sport, it seems to belong, and, like cock-fighting and bear-baiting, be repudiated by every English sportsman.

THE MATRIMONIAL BELLMAN.

THOSE victims of the tender passion who by marriage are supposed to have selected the most popular mode of release from the pangs of love, run one or two risks of discomfort which almost reconcile a bachelor to his condition. Coelebs indeed cannot always estimate the chances of the lottery, for most well-bred people who have drawn blanks or white elephants prefer to keep a secret whose disclosure would only let the raw atmosphere on a wound. But there is a class which being neither reticent nor squeamish, furnishes instructive examples of a character partaking of what Americans term "a caution." Among the most prominent of these are the persons who are obliged to employ the matrimonial bellman. By that functionary the reader is to understand those marital repudiations which now appear in the papers, but which formerly were published out of mouth with the preface of "O yes, O yes!" Lately we have noticed a peculiar activity about the matrimonial bellman. His business this year has been above the average. It would be difficult to speculate on the cause, which may be connected with the rinderpest or the weather, but the fact is rung in our ears whenever we glance at an advertising column. The figure and sum of domestic grievances to be contemplated as incident to the proceeding of crying down a wife's credit, is something appalling. Sir James Wilde not unusually concludes what the matrimonial bellman begins. Hymen must detest a peal so different from that which vibrates a benediction on happy couples. The executory ritual of the deity seems in a few cases to have been until debt doth them part instead of death. The retrospect of married life to both husband and wife at the sad tintinnabular epoch we speak of, should be terrible. It may be the case of a stingy man and an extravagant woman, or the fault may lie altogether with the former, as it often does. Both, however, assuredly suffer for it. There are fellows who when bachelors never begrudged themselves a single vice, but who, when undertaking the care of a wife, exact from her a rigid perfection of conduct even in the most trifling details. When familiarity has satisfied that mere clod sense which is all they are capable of, they commence to worry and fret the creature condemned to their society. She did not so soon anticipate the reduction of the honeymoon to a petulant indifference. Bonnets used to be at discretion, and shawls to follow. Surely there is no harm in ordering a fit out for herself; she does it to please her husband. The motive may be neither so pure nor so simple as the lady thinks, but for the time she believes it in good faith. But a bad principle invariably discloses hoof and horns in the end. The d maker trades on her customer with quite a ferocious appetite for gain. The adjective ferocious is used deliberately. The wretchedness and heartburning caused in many a home through the craft of the dressmaker fully justifies the expression. That harpy gives credit freely, and fosters extravagance with a fatal success for her own purposes.

Perhaps there is not in the world—not even excepting a drunken Leicester-square Frenchman—a more disagreeable object than a milliner pouring her doses of fulsome flattery down the open and pretty mouth of a silly woman. The shame of confessing to debts contracted behind her husband's back, the terror of vague exposures, and the craving appetite which the wearing of fine clothes invariably brings on for wearing finer clothes, positively drives many women into the most reckless abandonment of principle, and when concealment is no longer possible, reconciliation is frequently too late. This picture is a common and a stern lesson. Open confession is good for the soul, but there are women who would die sooner than confess a fault to their husbands. The case of the lady who is driven to expense by the selfishness of her

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mons, as low that ons, is a on the protector is one for which many excuses should be made. The companionship of such a man, after a time, must become intolerable, and a woman is then forced to draw on her own resources for amusement. Ladies there are who, in the adornment of their own persons, find a lasting employment and satisfaction. We do not mean to say that the noodles who spend hours at the toilet are entirely of the fair sex; but when ladies are inclined that way their industry is very remarkable. Again, there are women with whom buying is a passion. Shopping is to them a necessity, and we often wonder that when a jury has to consider what necessaries are, counsel does not press the point on them that the act of spending money is as indispensable to some women as the use of anything they can buy for it. The reason probably why this argument has never been urged is, that juries being composed of men cannot enter into the feelings which prompt this peculiar fancy. Ambitious women who contend for going in at the door first, like to enter in the best fashion, and for them the purse must gape liberally and often. Well and good if a man takes the pride which some do in the social successes of their wives. We shall not stop now to consider what sort of pride that is, whether a noble or an ignoble sentiment; but if it be not present, the lady's get-up for her part confers but a meagre satisfaction on her husband. It must be rather a dull entertainment for him to see his wife wearing his brains, or his knowledge of law, or his medical skill, or his regiment disposed upon her frame for the fascination of strangers, and the oppression of her own set, and to reflect that not only the major portion of his property is converted to a questionable purpose, but that even his prospective estates in the professional realm have been mortgaged heavily, and perhaps irretrievably. He cannot, or at least ought not, call in the assistance of the matrimonial bellman. That functionary is only employed by people of a different order, though we suspect, if the fashion were set, his services would be occasionally engaged for the relief of the distressed upper classes.

Persons in society must bear with the ambitious and extravagant wife. In Ireland, a man with an insatiable appetite is said to be the unwilling dispenser of hospitalities to a wolf whose abode is reported to be inside the wall of his waistcoat. In time, it is conjectured that the wolf, becoming inordinately lupine, consumes his own residence, and thereupon the man, not unnaturally, dies. An extravagant, ambitious wife has a propensity in common with this mythical creature, and, but for the epigrammatic air of it, one would be tempted to write that the wife of one's bosom resembles the wolf of one's diaphragm. The matrimonial bellman is a substantive contradiction to the aphorism of the husband-wife representing a singular dominant and a plural consenting. It might not be advisable to prefer an amalgam to a degree where individual entity would cease, nor would a man of parts care to have an echo rather than a partner on his pilgrimage; still indubitably the miseries of marriage mostly ensue from incompatibility of taste which has escaped the notice of both parties during the pleasantlyidiotic season of courtship. If a lady were prudent enough to sound her intended before being pledged to him beyond recall, and if Romeo, on his side, would pay as much attention to the disposition of Juliet as he manages to bestow with an engaging unconsciousness on her dôt, there would not be one-half the dislike of each other which follows the first clash of tempers, and which smoulders many a dreary day and night under the feeding of bitter regrets and disappointed expectations. Among the people who resort to the matrimonial bellman there is just as much carelessness in this respect as among their betters. Jones "in love" with Miss Tomkins is as venal as shortsighted, and as absurd (plus the misspelling of his letters) as the Jones of a circle above him. But the first Mr. Jones has the matrimonial bellman to extricate him from a possible mistake. For a few shillings he can publish that he will no longer be responsible for the debts of his wife, and though the publication does not altogether release him from her contracts, shopkeepers know better than to risk their chances of remuneration on the verdict of a jury. So Jones is master of the situation, but the ground has been dearly purchased. It is no joke for him, though we may smile over it, to bawl out his wife's unworthiness in the streets, unless indeed he belongs to the numerous tribe of cads, of rogues, or of fools, to whom this, or any other dirty thing, comes natural, they being to the manner of it born. It is strange that the custom is as old as the time at which the mysterious "O yes, O yes," of the veritable bellman was "Oyez, Oyez." The conclusion we must derive from this is that the occasion for crying down a wife's credit has existed as long as the habit of having wives, which has now become inveterate. At Pompeii rouge pots

were disinterred; and, doubtless, the matrimonial bellman obtained also in that unfortunate city. We trust his business with us will diminish sensibly, especially as the summer is coming, when feminine wardrobes are replenished, and the milliners are more than usually tempting with ducks of shawls, loves of bonnets, and the other quaint ingredients of dress with which men are astonished and women delighted.

THE SERMON TRADE.

THE mental state in which, according to Dr. Watts, a hearer should leave the doors of his place of worship, consists in a realization that he has "been there," and the formation of a decided opinion that he "still would go;" the ground of the latter determination being a full persuasion that the proceedings at which he has just "assisted" resemble a foretaste of Paradise. It is to be feared that a purgatorial experience is present to the minds of many who homeward plod their weary way, with the line of another writer upon their tongue-"semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam." The listeners to pulpit eloquence in old time were not slow, if we may credit ecclesiastical historians, in expressing their approval of the preacher; even now the wanderer into the precincts of some New Zion, Pisgah, or Little Bethel, may be startled by an equivalent to a parliamentary "hear, hear," in a vehemently enunciated "hallelujah," in token, as the Moniteur might say, of "adhesion on several benches." The practice will hardly bear a general revival, or the decorous reserve which now causes others beside northern farmers to remain quiescent till the parson has said what he ought to say, might be replaced by expressions of audible disapproval from his hearers before they came away.

It is undeniable that a wide-spread dislike exists "to hear sermons." Does it arise from hearers having become more critical, or sermons more commonplace? The good-looking young curate, who, as by advertisement, is "musical and unmarried," may be thought by the fairer portion of his congregation to have looked "like an angel" in the pulpit, while their fathers and brothers are equally of opinion that he "talked like poor Poll." The lament of "nothing to wear" is changed into "nothing to hear," and there is certainly room for inquiry on the part of those in ecclesiastical high places as to the truth and causes of the assertion. The complaint is loud, the offence is rank; calling attention to its existence may be one means of checking its progress. Public worship is no longer supposed to culminate in listening to an hour's theological lecture, a pointless effusion of incongruous metaphor and florid imagery, or to a cento of texts selected by the help of a concordance; but, to borrow an illustration from the theatre, the decline of what was once the legitimate drama is scarcely well replaced by a taste for "spectacle." When the teacher degenerates into the stage-manager, he loses his hold upon those on whom a thoughtful sentence makes more impression than the swinging

The series of announcements to be found every week in the advertising columns of any clerical paper furnish a subject for serious comment. Sermons of every hue and description are unblushingly advertised; the continuance of the trade shows it to be a paying one, while the demand arises, not from the wishes of the hearers, but the necessities of the preachers. The student (by courtesy) who may not be able to discover "books in the running brooks," can at least find "sermons in stones," for lithography lends him its aid, and its productions are not distinguishable from manuscript. Even manuscript itself is procurable, and fair fingers find employment and remuneration in multiplying copies in "sweet Roman hand" for the benefit of the clergy. Plain, practical, sound, and original discourses form the staple of the supply, while for exceptional occasions a confidential communication to any one of many quarters will furnish the applicant with a sermon on the school-anniversary, the club-feast, or the cattle plague. It is difficult to say whether the ignorance of preacher or hearers is most relied upon, for published sermons are unblushingly laid under contribution. Whatever may be the case with the right of translation, the right of transcription is evidently not thought to be reserved. Nor is the stolen property consigned at all times to secluded and safe localities, where books are scarce and readers few, but is furnished to unconscious recipients dwelling in the full light of Mudie. The buyers are assured, indeed, that the same sermon is not sent to neighbouring parishes, but mistakes occasionally occur which must lead the hearers to imagine that the business of clerical meetings is not well transacted, if their object is assumed to be that which a farmer considerately explained as their raison d'être to his friend, that sts

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armer l, that "the parsons meet to change sermons." And yet, in all this there is cause for sorrow to thinking men.

The preacher who delivers verbatim a discourse literally transcribed from the well-known works of another, and complacently receives with deprecating smile and mock humility the flattery of the tea-table or the drawing-room, appropriating without a comment the whispered admiration of his "sweet discourse," or his "powerful sermon," is committing a wrong the extent of which, it is charitable to suppose, is beyond his calculation. The flattered preacher may drink in the honeyed words of his fair admirers, unconscious of some sterner observer with knitted brow, to whom scepticism is a sorrow and truth is precious, who is taking mental measure of his moral hollowness, and weighing the value of a faith which does not seem to teach its preachers honesty. And yet to such a state of matters have we well-nigh come that the earnest-minded man, not unfamiliar with the volumes in which the leading minds among the clergy have perpetuated their pulpit thoughts and language, sits for the customary time either listening, if indeed he does listen, to barren platitudes, the produce of a spiritual Grub-street, or, if he recognises in the sermon the work of another than the preacher, endeavouring to reconcile the trustworthiness of his teacher with the deliberate imposition which he is practising, or the ignorance of which he is the victim. The chaplain of Sir Roger de Coverly when he told his patron that "the Bishop of St. Asaph would preach in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon," frankly acknowledged the sources of his inspiration, and had at least this advantage over the modern sermon-buyer that, if not original, he was truthful. If we ask why our teachers, in an age of especial thought and progress, when they of all men should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, are in part men so incompetent to discharge the duty of religious instructors, our answer is perhaps hinted in the language of a society called the Curates' Augmentation Fund, with an archbishop for its president, and ten bishops on its council. "Able men," they tell us, "are becoming more and more scarce in consequence of the Church holding out to them no reasonable prospect of even the barest maintenance;" that the number of graduates presenting themselves for ordination is rapidly decreasing, while at the same time "an increasing number of the most able men ordained devote themselves to quasi-clerical work." A man who, out of his straitened income, can hardly provide the barest maintenance for himself and his family, can hardly be expected to lay anything before his hearers but "crambe bis repetita;" or, when he is with difficulty able to furnish himself with the customary broadcloth, to seek the texture of his sermon from any other than the ready-made resources of the dealers in religious "shoddy." Yet if the sermon is to be one to which thoughtful men will listen as an exposition of Christian doctrine, and an aid to a religious life; if worship is not to become only a gorgeous ceremonial, which, while it satisfies the craving of a mere devotional feeling, the sceptic can sneeringly patronize as well adapted to attract the masses, and as furnishing as fitting an expression of the adoration required by his bare Theism as any other system within his reach, a change is imperatively needed. If intellect and honesty are alike to be disgusted, some fresh system of recruiting requires to be adopted to fill the ranks of the clergy. Hearers do not expect from every preacher a flow of oratory or a depth of learning; but they do say in the words of one whose sermons have been made the subject of unhesitating piracy, perhaps because his living voice is unable to denounce the fraud, "Above all, be true.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

THE Pembroke Fellowship is not allowed to die a natural death; indeed, we are promised, by-and-by, a fresh resuscitation of all its circumstances by more publications on the part of the original Oxford graduate. If they will throw any light upon the subject, by all means let them come, but only upon these grounds would they be acceptable. The correspondent who has made most noise and done least good with the subject is poor Dr. Mitchinson, who has been trampling on the corns of his dearest friends and brother-fellows in his desire to put everything straight. He has scarcely sung one palinodia at the suggestion of the Master of his college before he is obliged to chant another at the bidding of Professor Price; and, although he describes himself as smarting under a sense of personal injustice because the Times refused to insert two more letters from his pen, we are inclined to think that it was about the kindest thing the Times could have done for him. The Undergraduates' Journal, having been the first in the field to give publicity to the recent proceedings at Pembroke, expresses, in a temperate article in the impression of the 18th instant, what are the sentiments of the younger men in the University upon the decision, and the principles which it involves. Referring to Mr. Chandler's letter, which, it will be remembered, gave some of the details of the examination, the article proceeds:—

"We quite agree with Mr. Chandler that 'it would be hard indeed if the verdict of the schools were in all cases finally decisive of a man's value.' The one college which has been most celebrated for its Fellows has notoriously put the classes of the competitors out of the question; but at the same time we assert that if a Fellow is wanted for a particular object, that object ought to be announced in the public notices of the examination, in order that competitors may know the conditions on which they stand. We do not deny that the gentleman elected in the present case may be the most useful man to Pembroke, but we do deny that the Fellows had any right to make up their mind on this point before they had weighed, and fairly weighed, the qualifications of the other competitors.

"One word more and we have done. Dr. Mitchinson says that he can afford to leave unnoticed the $\nu \dot{\eta} \pi \iota a \ \dot{\nu} \lambda \dot{\alpha} \gamma \mu a \tau a$ of the Undergraduate's Journal. But Dr. Mitchinson forgets that Fellowships are looked upon by many of us as the highest substantial reward of a diligent Undergraduate life. Surely the undergraduates have a right to demand that these prizes shall be fairly and openly distributed. Unless this is the case they will in a short time become of little value in the eyes not only of Oxford men, but of the world in general."

The comical side of the question has been very cleverly brought out in a recent article in the Churchman, in which the writer suggests, with a happy touch of humour, that the objections raised to the election of the successful candidate took their origin from the fact that he is a parochial curate under a vicar of known anti-rationalistic views. Perhaps the subject is somewhat too grave to write such a squib upon, but in this case we cannot regret it; for we hope that the writer's irony may touch a few of those ungenerous minds which see in almost everything that is done here a direct attack by the Liberals upon the Bible and the foundations of all religion; and it is perhaps within the bounds of possibility that one or two might be found who would discover in a plea for purity of election a deep conspiracy to keep respectable men out of all positions of dignity, influence, or emolument. For there are not a few who feel towards the whole race of Oxford Liberals as "W. T. F.," in the "Loyal Effusion" from "Rejected Addresses," seems to have felt towards "Base Buonaparte." He was at the bottom of every act of mischief and physical disturbance :-

"Who makes the quartern-loaf and Luddites rise?"
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

Or we may find a parallel in what Cicero once declared the state of Rome to be:—

" Quidquid increpuerit Catilinam timeri."

Not a little excitement has been produced by the arrival of the *Isis*, the new lifeboat subscribed for by members of the University of Oxford. Those who were before unfamiliar with the form of these powerful vessels expressed no little astonishment at the contrast which the *Isis* presented to anything affoat upon the Oxford river. The immense rise of the bows and stern, the complete arrangement of air-chambers and valves to carry off the water that comes on board, attracted great attention. The boat was exhibited on Monday, and many a hearty "Godspeed" follows the *Isis* to her perilous home. She is to be stationed at Hayle, on the coast of Cornwall, a spot only too notorious for wrecks, and hitherto unprovided with the means of rescue. The programme for the launch was as follows:—

"On Tuesday, the 24th inst., the lifeboat, manned by the University crew, with the addition of the Rev. J. J. Hornby and the Rev. W. F. Short, will be launched in the Isis from the towing-path, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Cherwell. After various evolutions, the lifeboat, followed by boats decked with flags, will be rowed up to Folly Bridge, and there capsized, to exhibit the quality of self-righting." *

This property is unfortunately the privilege of lifeboats exclusively. Nothing would be more satisfactory than to extend it to the moral world. In Oxford it would be an invaluable gift for several classes of the community, especially for those who are unfortunate in their examinations. But every one seemed satisfied in contemplating this characteristic in the *Isis*, heedless of east wind, which, with a cloudless

^{*} This programme was faithfully carried out, with the exception of the procession of boats. The launch was made from the Berkshire shore, after a prayer had been offered up and a hymn sung by two college choirs. The speeches being made on one side of the river and the public being on the other side and on the barges, the sentiments uttered must be imagined rather than recorded. Mrs. Lightfoot broke the bottle of wine on the vessel's bows with great effect.

sky of pitiless blue, made the meadows and river look lovely, and reminded one of summer, and belied the hint the next moment as some rushing gust came by. Nowhere does a north-easter seem more searching than in Oxford-sweeping down the Turl or through the narrow-necked Broad-street, each puff carrying away a handful of sharp hail from the crumbling and scaling stone upon old college walls. It is doubtful whether even Mr. Kingsley would enjoy his favourite wind here. But, in spite of weather, cricket has fairly begun, and men are found with devotion enough to field-out all day; and the college crews are already in training for the eights; the races this year coming off early in May. The present term commences under the auspices of a new pair of Proctors, the Rev. J. Hornby, of Brasenose, and Mr. G. Thorley, of Wadham; Messrs. Furneaux and Capes having laid down their sleeves after a popular and not inefficient year. It is no mere figure of speech when we say that the mantle of the Proctor of one year descends upon his successor, for the gown with its expensive velvet sleeves is regularly bequeathed from one to the other; the best gown of the Proctor of this year becoming the second best of the officer of the next.

The Randolph Hotel, recently erected by a joint-stock company, seems hitherto to have escaped or defied the Proctorial inspection, and thus it is naturally a favourite rendezvous for the Sunday breakfast or the private dinner, by which the undergraduate sets such store, and which the University

statutes so greatly discountenance.

This new hotel is already besieged with applications for all its accommodation—and more than all—against the approaching commemoration, which promises to be a gay one. This year brings the present Vice-Chancellorship to a termination. The University will part with Dr. Lightfoot with regret. It is understood that the Principal of Jesus is not disposed to accept the office, which will probably be held by the Warden of All Souls. The fact of All Souls being a college almost entirely unconnected with the educational system of the University has made it natural that the Warden should devote himself rather to diocesan than to university interests; but we have no right to assume that this will render inefficient the conduct of an office to which Dr. Leighton will bring great zeal with much tact and courtesy.

Many of the colleges have at different times accepted, with the sanction of their Visitor, an important change in shortening the chapel services, some securing this result by omitting some of the prayers or dispensing with the first lesson, while others recast the service altogether. The intention, no doubt, is a wise one; it is wished that the chapel services should be irksome to none. Many of the colleges find means to make them attractive to most of their men; yet undergraduates will from time to time sound the note of dissatisfaction at being bound to a compulsory attendance. No doubt there is a sort of dilemma which malcontents are never tired of quoting: - "If chapel be merely a roll-call, why make a religious service of it? If it is a religious service, why make it compulsory?" This always has been felt as something of a difficulty, and the best way of solving it is shown by those colleges in which, through traditions, and influences, and examples, there is so ready and full an attendance both of Fellows and undergraduates that it is seldom necessary to put the screw on the latter. It is doubtful whether the existence of evening chapels, except perhaps on "surplice-days," is an advantage. The very small attendance at these services-the congregation often consisting of that class of men whom nothing can get out of bed in the morning-makes the whole affair seem so chill and unattractive, that we would wish, if it might be, to see all the members of the college meet at one service, which might itself in many cases be materially improved, both in the style of the officiating Fellow or chaplain, and in the reading of the undergraduate who stumbles over or gallops through the lessons. In many colleges the undergraduates have made an effort to introduce something of heartiness into their chapel services by getting up choirs among themselves, with or without treble voices to help them, according as they are able to manage. Even those who may not themselves enjoy the change must confess that so much interest in a thing too often neglected is something satisfactory.

THE Commission having charge of the French Universal Exhibition intend forming a national portrait gallery, in imitation of the one now open at the South Kensington Museum. A building for the reception of portraits is to be erected in the Champs Elysées, when they will be grouped according to the age which they illustrate. As studies of the costume of different periods, as well as for the illustration of history, it is thought such a system of classification will meet with the approval of artists.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XVII. - OSSORY, FERNS, AND LEIGHLIN - BISHOP O'BRIEN - HIS REPUTATION AS A DIVINE - HIS ANTAGONISM TO THE GOVERNMENT ON THE EDUCA. TION QUESTION-OPINION OF ARCHBISHOP TRENCH -BISHOP O'BRIEN LABOURING TO CONVICT HIS GRACE OF "SIN"-HIS CLERGY WHO DIFFER FROM HIM COMPARED TO THE PROPHET BAALAM-LORD CLANCARTY, THE BISHOP'S DISCIPLE, CHARGING THE GOVERNMENT WITH APOSTACY - BISHOP O'BRIEN RESPONSIBLE FOR TWENTY YEARS' ANIMOSITY AND FANATICISM ON THE EDUCATION QUESTION-HIS EXTRAORDINARY INDOLENCE-DELAYS IN FIL. LING UP VACANCIES-THIRTY CLERICAL CIRCLES-PATRONAGE AN INSTRUMENT OF SPIRITUAL DES-POTISM-EPISCOPAL ANGLING-WEXFORD A MODEL COUNTY - BARONIES OF FORTH AND BARGIE: PURELY SAXON YET INTENSELY CATHOLIC.

The first bishop we meet in travelling southward from Dublin is the Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin, who resides at his palace at Kilkenny, Ossory being the name of a petty principality in the olden times. The diocese includes nearly the whole of the county of Kilkenny, one barony of the Queen's County, and part of the King's County, embracing an area of over 600,400 statute acres. The total number of benefices of all sorts is sixty-seven. Ferns includes nearly the whole of the county of Wexford and a portion of the county of Wicklow, and is about the same extent as Ossory. It has sixty-four benefices. The third diocese in this union of bishoprics is Leighlin which includes nearly the whole of the county of Carlow, a considerable portion of the Queen's County, and of the county of Wicklow, and some portion of the county Kilkenny, with an area of 524,766 acres. The

number of benefices is thirty-seven.

This prelate, then, rules over an immense tract of country, which is about the best inhabited and best cultivated portion of the island, having an industrious, orderly, and well-conditioned population, so far, at least, as the country parts are concerned. Including sixty-five curates, he has subject to his authority 229 clergymen, having at his disposal 103 livings to distribute amongst them as vacancies occur. His own income is £4,630 gross, and £3,867 net, with a very fine palace adjoining his cathedral in the town of Kilkenny, and some acres of see land. The gentleman who occupies this enviable position is the Right Rev. James Thomas O'Brien, D.D., who was born in 1794, and is consequently now seventy-two years of age. He graduated in the Dublin University in the year 1815, and was elected Fellow in 1820, having, it is said, like some other distinguished men in the Church, become a Protestant during his undergraduate course. He was appointed to the office of Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity in 1833. Three years later he married Ellen, daughter of the late Chief Justice Pennefather, and after the lapse of six years more he became bishop of this united diocese, having stepped into it from the Deanery of Cork, both the appointments occurring in the year 1842. His immediate predecessor was Dr. Fowler, who on the death of Dr. Elrington in 1835, became Bishop also of Ferns and Leighlin under the Church Temporalities Act, by which the see of Ferns was abolished. In the year 1600 it so happened that Robert Grove, a native of Kent, was promoted to the see of Ferns, and as the neighbouring see of Leighlin had been vacant for some time, he got that see into the bargain, and they have been united ever since. Perhaps in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, or for the sake of economy, he resolved to go to his diocese by sen, and was unfortunately lost, with all his family, in the Bay of Dublin.

Bishop O'Brien has the reputation of being one of the ablest men on the Irish Bench. He is understood to be a diligent student and a deep thinker; yet the only work of any importance he has produced during his long life of lettered ease is his book on Justification,* which was so highly esteemed that for many years it could not be had except at an exorbitant price. It will naturally be asked why the author did not meet the demand by publishing a new edition. The answer given by his friends and admirers is that he is constitutionally very indolent. At length, however, he roused himself so far as to publish a new edition, which has come out within the last year or so. He is not popular among his clergy, as his manners

^{*} An Attempt to Explain and Establish the Doctrine of Justification by Faith Only, in Ten Sermons upon the Nature and Effects of Faith. Preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, by J. T. O'Brien, D.D.

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are said to be cold and distant, and they are often annoyed by the way in which he neglects their communications. They are for the most part "evangelicals"-good Churchmen so far as the Church recognises evangelical doctrines; but beyond that their admiration and cordial reverence seldom extend. But whatever their particular views may be, the Bishop has everything his own way. They complain that he is haughty and stern to a most painful degree, and that he will know none of them intimately, with the exception of those who happen to be his own relations; yet he manages some how to get them all to his own way of thinking, or rather, perhaps, to adopt his well-known ideas, especially his ruling idea on Church education. He has been for many years the recognised champion of the Church Education Society, in opposition to the National System adopted by the Legislature and the Government. This is one of the anomalies of the present system of Church and State. Here is a prelate whom the Sovereign has made ruler over the clergy of three dioceses, that he might aid in the work of Christian civilization. He derives all his powers and jurisdiction from the Crown and the Legislature; he has got revenues and a place fit to maintain a lordly dignity, and when the State established a system of national education on principles that had been recommended by nearly all the bishops, and which has been supported by the leaders of every political party for thirty years—this State bishop has felt it to be his duty to labour for twenty years in disparaging, discrediting, denouncing, and resisting that system, not only in his charges to the clergy, but in the exercise of his very extensive patronage. This system of opposition Bishop O'Brien has maintained with unabated pertinacity for twenty years, and, to all appearance, he will maintain it to the end. Complaints have been made against the Government for not promoting men of this spirit, but if they did more to provoke such complaints than they have done, they would better consult the freedom of the clergy as well as the material and spiritual interests of the laity. It is conceivable that there would be in the diocese of Ferns, for example, few clergymen who could conscientiously accept aid from the State funds for the support of their parochial schools, especially as, owing to the unhappy religious antipathies that have survived in the county Wexford ever since the Rebellion of 1798, it is not likely they would have any practical difficulties in the matter of scriptural instruction by the intrusion of Roman Catholic children. But with the exception of a dignitary lately appointed by the Crown, I learn that there is but one clergyman in the diocese who receives aid from the National Board; and this exception is accounted for by the fact that the clergyman is related to the Bishop's wife. Although his lordship is now seventy-two years of age, he travelled from Kilkenny to Dublin to attend the last annual meeting of the Church Education Society held on the 11th of April, and occupied more than half the time allotted to the proceedings in an elaborate reply to the primary charge of the Archbishop of Dublin, whose suffragan he is. That amiable prelate had ventured to express an opinion that the Irish clergy had acted unwisely at first in not accepting the funds set apart by the State for popular education in Ireland. But this incidental expression of an opinion seemed, indirectly at least, to impugn the infallibility of his lordship of Ossory, who had been contending for twenty years that it was unlawful in the sight of God for any clergyman to place his schools in connection with the National Board, the rules of which he could not possibly observe without a violation of conscience. The Apostle Paul says of a Christian acting according to his own convictions in matters not essential to salvation:- "To his own master he standethor falleth; who art thou that judgest another's servant?" But the Bishop of Ossory assumed the responsibility of taking the Divine Master's place, and judging for his clergy in this matter of national education; nor did he hesitate to denounce as unprincipled and time-serving his brethren on the Irish Bench, who presumed to differ with him on the subject. Indeed no man is more intolerant than he of any difference of opinion, whatever may be the question at issue; and the most remarkable proofs of industry and ability he has ever exhibited have been in criticising and satirizing opponents. It was difficult to do this in the case of Archbishop Trench, and his grace might well have hoped to escape any sort of censure for having attered the following very mild judgment:-

"I can enter fully into the feeling of the clergy of Ireland, when in 1832 the whole education of the people was suddenly taken out of their hands; but, while I can quite understand their inability at once to realize and adapt themselves to the new condition of things in which their part was so limited and so subordinate, I ought not, at the same time, to shrink from saying that, so far as I can judge, they ought to have accepted the assistance of the State."

Yet this is interpreted into a "serious charge" against the clergy, and the Bishop of Ossory set to work, and after a month's cogitation constructed an elaborate argument to convict the Archbishop of "sin." This argument was delivered on the platform of the society at the great meeting in the Rotunda, in presence of thousands of the laity, and hundreds of the clergy from all parts of the country, winding up as follows:—

"He says expressly that he would have accepted the assistance of the State on the terms on which it was offered, and that he would not have accounted that a sin.' Now, it is unnecessary to prove by words that what he would account a sin he would not do (hear, hear). But the real question between us is this:—He thinks the clergy might have accepted the aid of the State in the conduct of their schools, upon the conditions on which it was offered, without committing a sin. We think that we could not do so without committing a sin (hear, hear, and applause). Not a sin in the narrow sense of its being a violation of a positive command or a specific prohibition, but in the wider, and, as I believe, truer sense of the word, in which every departure from the will of God, every known violation and neglect of duty, and every shortcoming on our parts, is a sin."

Again, he said, in reference to the clergy :-

"When they had once deliberately determined, in the present or in any such like case, which it was the will of God that they should do, he did not say that they should never reconsider the grounds on which they had come to that conclusion; but he did say that they should be very slow to engage in such a reconsideration of the circumstances which made it desirable that they should come to an opposite conclusion (hear, hear). And if they found reason to suspect that they were mistaken, and then to see clearly that they were mistaken,—if that were the result of their second inquiry, were there not good grounds to fear that it might be but an answer given in God's displeasure, and that, as in the case of Balaam of old, what seemed to them to be an expression of His will was but an answer given to them in His anger to act upon their own?"

Dr. O'Brien having thus proved to his own satisfaction that his Archbishop was a deliberate sinner, and that if any of his own clergy, on prayerful reconsideration, had, like the late Lord Primate, changed their minds as to the lawfulness of receiving aid from the State for the support of their perishing schools, they should be regarded as so many Balaams, blinded by God in his anger, we need not be surprised that one of the most ardent of his disciples, the Earl of Clancarty, who occupied the chair, took upon him to denounce "the apostacy of the Government in deserting the true principle of education":—

"But this I do know (he said), that a greater outrage can hardly be imposed on the Protestant community and the ministers of the Gospel in this country, than to ask them to carry out a system of education to which they were strongly opposed,—for the benefit of their flocks, and of all the young children of their parishes who look up to them for instruction and guidance, to ask them to become patrons and ministers of schools in which they are not to name Christ to their children. That, I say, is a great outrage, both on society and the Establishment."

Referring to the National Board of Education, of which the Bishop of Derry is a member, and to which Archbishop Whateley lent all the energies of his great mind for more than twenty years, Lord Clancarty said:—

"But, intrusted with the education of the nation, and intrusted with unlimited resources for carrying it out, had they ever asked God's blessing upon such a work? Did they ever do so? No, they did not. I was sitting on a committee myself, and I then had it in evidence that the National Board never once bent knee in prayer for that purpose; and although the education of a nation can never be carried out in defiance of God, and in disregard of the blessings with which He would countenance such a work, yet such is the condition in which that unhappy board have carried on their work. They have never asked God's blessing on the system of education which they pursue, the principle of which is elimination of His Word from the united education that is to be given in Ireland."

When we find bishops and noblemen indulging in so much intolerance and uncharitableness towards men, who are at least their equals, many of them their superiors, in every attribute, moral and intellectual, that commands respect, we may easily understand that a controversy embittered by such a spirit, and persisted in for thirty years, must have had a very unhappy effect upon both the clergy and the laity, generating an unreasoning fanaticism, for which the Bishop of Ossory must be held mainly responsible, and which naturally exhibits its greatest virulence in the dioceses over which he has control. Perhaps it is owing to this that he has so few scholarly or distinguished men among his clergy. No man, indeed, who loves freedom would wish to remain under the heavy pressure of Bishop O'Brien's authority, with whom to claim the right to differ is tantamount to claiming the right to sin. Hence it has been remarked that, although his clergy are generally good men and work their parishes well, yet they agree,

with the Church chiefly because the Church agrees with the Bishop. But when a bishop is so exacting as Dr. O'Brien, he should himself be very near perfection. His opinion, indeed, ought to have great weight, for it is the result of slow and careful study, guarded and qualified with all manner of cautions on this side and on that, but unfortunately it is so long under deliberation, that when it comes it is generally too late to be of service. His charge on the "Essays and Reviews," a masterly production, did not make its appearance till the interest in the subject was gone, and the volume of "Essays and Reviews" was almost forgotten upon the book-shelves of the most learned of the clergy, thrown into the shade by the more daring scepticism of Colenso. The same tardiness, the same inveterate habit of procrastination, is apparent in giving away livings, which, it is said, is sometimes not done till within a few hours of the expiration of the six months allowed by law for each vacancy. It is a fact that from three to four months usually elapse before he can make up his mind as to the candidate he should promote, and it often happens that he has three vacant livings on his hands at the same time, which is the case at present. His lordship's admirers, as a matter of course, applaud this hesitancy as proof of his deep anxiety with respect to the selection, and they add also that it evinces great kindness, inasmuch as it enables the new incumbent to have a little fund accumulated for the charge on the glebe house and the expenses of removing. This may be very good for the incumbent, but it is very bad for the parish, which must be dependent for supplies upon some good-natured, unattached clergyman, who has property of his orn, of which class there is one gentleman in the northern part of the diocese of Ferns, who is continually on foot, stopping the

gaps which the dilatory bishop leaves open. There are, however, those who do not take so charitable a view of these delays, and who think that they are made instrumental, whether intentionally or not, in augmenting and intensifying the bishop's power to an enormous extent. It is quite possible that this may be done conscientiously, and, no doubt, it is so in the present case. It is not from pure love of power for its own sake that ecclesiastics who have been most successful in grasping it have cultivated the arts of spiritual despotism. They persuade themselves that it is, above all things, most conducive to the glory of God and the good of the Church that their self-will should prevail everywhere and always, and, therefore, that every antagonist to their policy is, to all intents and purposes, a sinner, a heretic, or an anti-Christ. The great argument which Bishop O'Brien has incessantly pressed against the Government system of education is that the clergy should be at liberty to do what they believe to be their duty to God in the management of their schools, without being bound by rules imposed for the protection of the consciences of Roman Catholic parents and children. But he monopolizes to himself this liberty of acting according to conscience, and absolutely denies it to the clergy for whom he professes to plead; for should any of them dare to assert it, he is pointed at as an unprincipled sinner, like the prophet Baalam, whom an angry God has visited with judicial blindness, forerunning his destruction. If the clergy who feel aggrieved and oppressed by an authority so inconsistent with the genius of Protestantism, are asked why they submit in silence, and how, in a free country, such an iron rule can be enforced, they will point to the bishop's system of patronage. He has an immense number of livings to bestow, and most of them have passed through his hands during the last twenty years; every one of them has been expected anxiously by, perhaps, half a score curates, each having a circle of relations and friends. many of whom, perhaps, earnestly petitioned for the appointment, and the ladies of the expectant curate's family are not the least importunate in their solicitations on such occasions. They all know what his lordship requires in the matter of education, and what class of men he delights to honour and promote. The consequence is that protestations and promises are made, and solemn pledges given, which bind candidates and recipients alike, if not to think as the patron thinks, at least to speak as the patron speaks on the subject, which is the great dominating idea of his mind. It may seem a matter of astonishment that any Christian bishop could take delight in protracting for four, five, or six months, the anxious suspense, the earnest pleading, the importunate applications of perhaps thirty clerical circles of this kind, for as we have said there are generally three livings vacant at a time, for each of which we have fairly assumed there are ten candidates, many of whom have to support families on £75 a year. One of them, in a letter to the Dublin Daily Express, states as an excuse for preaching in a white surplice, which is supplied, and even washed, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, that so far from

being able to supply himself with a black gown for the pulpit, he cannot afford to purchase a silk dress for his wife. To a minister so situated, and obliged to maintain a social position as a gentleman, an addition of £100, or even £50 income, with a dwelling-house, and twenty or thirty acres of land rent free for life, with the rank of rector, must be an object of vital importance. Besides, he escapes the precarious position of dependence upon a rector who may be kind and brotherly, but is more likely to be capricious, exacting, and supercilious. In the whole range of society under the British constitution there are no two functionaries so irresponsible, so completely unchecked, by law or public opinion in the exercise of their power as a bishop and a rector in the Established Church of Ireland. From habit the laity are passive, and if any of them should presume to interfere as to the doings of either bishop or clergy they are generally "snubbed." It seems to be a point of honour, if not a matter of principle, with our ecclesiastical rulers to stamp out any spark of independence that may show itself amongst the laity. However that may be, it is something like cruelty to keep livings thus suspended for months before the eyes of so many anxious expectants; and the evil is not mitigated by the fact that when at last the parishes are given away they are received very often by clergymen who have property of their own, on the plea that the livings are small, and that the man of independent means will be able to do most good. The disappointed curates, whom providence has not thus qualified for promotion, are consoled perhaps by the promise of a better benefice when other vacancies occur. It would be a curious inquiry to try to ascertain the state of mind of a bishop subject to this perpetual process of receiving petitions, and disappointing expectants, held for months or years in a state of painful suspense. To some minds the thing would be utterly intolerable, like visiting the starving poor in their garrets and cellars without the power of complying with their petitions for relief, or the still more touching appeals of their emaciated looks. But we can conceive that to other minds the process gives the sort of excitement which an enthusiastic angler feels when he sees a score or two of salmon and trout playing around his bait, which he dangles, tantalizingly, in order to prolong the sport. It has been justly remarked that the county of Wexford,

readers of Irish history. On every hand are to be seen those strongholds of other days built by the first English adventurers to defend themselves against the sudden and impetuous attacks of the Irish chieftains. It is surprising how strong and sound some of them appear after the elemental battles of seven centuries. The numerous remains of ecclesiastical and military structures, however, are now fast disappearing. The baronies of Forth and Bargie lying along the coast south of the town of Wexford are particularly interesting. They were in old times called emphatically "the English baronies." They were granted in 1169, by King Dermod McMurrough to Constable Hervey de Montmorency, who cleared the district of the old natives and planted it thoroughly with settlers from England, drawn partly from Pembrokeshire and Somersetshire. The language spoken by their descendants till a very recent period was the Somersetshire dialect of the Anglo-Saxon, modified by a perceptible admixture of Welsh. Down to the present generation they had preserved themselves in a separate community quite a peculiar people in language, manners, and social habits, and especially in their industry, thrift, order, and comfort. "The people of these baronies," wrote General Valency, "live well, are industrious, cleanly, and of good morals. The poorest farmer eats meat twice a week; and the table of the wealthy farmer is daily covered with beef, mutton, or fowl. The beverage is home-brewed ale and beer of an excellent flavour and colour. The houses of the poorest are well built and thatched; all have outhouses for cattle, fowls, carts, or cars. The population are well clothed, strong, and laborious." This is a description of the people as they appeared more than one hundred years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who knew them well, remark that the various wars, under the reigns of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and James II., appear to have affected only the chiefs or head men of these baronies, and to have left the humbler classes undisturbed. Yet, had it not been for the numerous castles, the ruins of which form so remarkable a feature in the lanscapes, they would probably have been exterminated by the native Irish. "Over a surface of about forty thousand acres, there are still standing the remains of fifty-nine such buildings, and the sites of many

more can still be pointed out. The walls of solid masonry

were equally secure against the arrows and the javelins of the

foe, and the effects of fire. A plentiful supply of pure water

was never wanting where a castle was erected; and from the

which the diocese of Ferns embraces, is classic ground to the

warders' watch-tower on the summit, two at least, and often six or more castles were in sight. The beacon fire, or other signal raised on one, spread the alarm in a short time over the county." Of the county in general, they remark it is in one respect highly privileged; few of its landed proprietors being absentees. "There are no huge estates over which several agents must necessarily be placed; and, as very few of its gentry leave involved properties, it follows as a matter of course that the tenants are in easy circumstances, and are neither rack-rented nor pressed for sudden payments. A list of the good landlords of the county of Wexford would fill several pages. Many of them have successfully laboured to introduce improvements among the people." In 1831 the population of the county was 182,713, in 1851 it was something less, and in 1861 it was reduced to about 144,000. Wexford is certainly a model county. It is chiefly agricultural, like all other counties out of Ulster; but its condition shows that with proper relations between landlord and tenant, encouraging industrious habits, an agricultural population may be comfortable and prosperous. The farmer class of Wexford seem to be in a more natural and healthy condition than anywhere else in Ireland. They have passed through the crisis brought on by famine and Free-trade manfully, preserving their stock, paying their rents, and keeping up a system of cultivation, mixing tillage with grazing in such a way as to excite the admiration of travellers. More cattle and sheep of good breed and in good condition-more meadows and cornfields, and green crops will be seen in a day's journey in the county of Wexford than in ten counties in other parts of the island. Here, then, is a population that seem naturally fitted in a pre-eminent degree for the reception of Protestantism,industrious, intelligent, self-reliant, independent in circumstances, and with a much larger admixture of English blood than the population of any other district in the country. Yet, strange to say, there is no county in Ireland whose population more firmly withstood the advance of the Reformation, or when roused by oppression fought so desperately against English connection. Nowhere at the present day is the antipathy greater between Protestants and Catholics, or the devotion of the latter to the Church of Rome more intense. The baronies of Forth and Bargie produce a greater number of priests than whole counties in other parts of the island; and Wexford men are amongst the ablest and most energetic members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The total number of Protestants in the county, according to the census of 1861, is 12,759, and the total number of Roman Catholics 130,103, showing that the latter are more than ten to one. This is a result different from what might have been expected in a county having so little Celtic blood, and with a numerous body of Protestant landlords. There is only one way of accounting for it; the Established clergy in past times must have grossly neglected their duties.

ENDOWMENT OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I see that in last week's communication from your Irish Church Commissioner that gentleman recommends the endowment of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland. This view is so much opposed to the opinions you expressed in the London Review of the 14th inst., in which you strongly condemn their endowment, that I shall be glad to know whether your correspondent's letter or your own editorial article expresses the policy of the London Review.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Certainly the editorial article. Our Commissioner speaks only for himself.—Ed. L. R.]

CHURCH REVIVAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

Sir,—Your Commissioner is rendering a real benefit to the Church in Ireland by his tour of inspection and reports. The best friends of the Church here wish him "God speed," as his reports meet the eye of the public and are read with interest; whereas the Bishop's visitation is a dead letter, and seldom or never sees the light of day, and consequently does not improve parson or people. The visitation may be very good and profitable to the clergy, but it is not fair for them to keep all the good things to themselves—your Commissioner, we expect, will supply this episcopol defect and infuse into all classes a spirit of inquiry into the state of the Church, and more love and desire for her efficiency and revival.

I am, Sir, with gratitude to you and your Commissioner,
Dublin, April 23, 1866.

A SINCERE CHUECHMAN.

THE librarian of the London Library, Mr. R. Harrison, is preparing a Memoir of Mr. John Black, editor of the Morning Chronicle after Mr. Perry's death.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition is now rendered somewhat more complete than when we last noticed it, with the temporary catalogue only before us. We have now the final additions, in the shape of some few references to numbers, so as to draw attention to portraits which represent the same person, for the sake of comparison. The only sort of critical treatment of the portraits has now been given in a brief introductory notice written by Mr. Samuel Redgrave. Anything more unworthy of the great art-teaching department of the Educational branch of the Government can hardly be imagined; the little it professes to teach is said in such a weak, confused, and unsystematic way, to say nothing of bad grammar, that we could well dispense with such a notice altogether. It informs us that the portraits "have been selected chiefly from depositories where they have been long known, and have acquired a claim to authenticity; and they have been multiplied by copies and by engravings for the illustration of historical and biographical works." The portraits, then, have been "selected," which is precisely the reverse of the fact, for it is evident that they have been contributed and accepted in "pell-mell" fashion; and they have been multiplied by copies, &c., the sentence reading as if the committee had undertaken the copies. We are next told that "the first portraits (English is meant, not antique), or painted memorials, rarely possess the character of representations taken from the individual; they are mostly reproductions, of a very early period, from the carved figures on tombs, limnings in MSS. and Missals, and paintings on glass." These are described in the somewhat indefinite term of "being rudely drawn by a skilled hand." Referring to the imaginary portraits employed for decoration, we are told "that to any who believe in them, the illusion is harmless." Considering that these false portraits are those most seen, it was one of the chief objects of the exhibition are those most seen, it was one of the chief objects of the exhibition to correct such errors as far as possible by showing the true ones. We should say that the "illusion" is decidedly harmful, as much so as those preposterous decorative portraits upon which the "skilled hands" of South Kensington have been so abundantly employed in the new courts. The truth is, that these factitious portraits are abominally mischievous, for they are the seed of new crops of portraits, which necessarily outlive the originals, and perpetuate the bastard race to the lowest degradation and utter loss of all resemblance. It should have been an object of the South Kensington ornamentalists to discourage the use of these decorative portraits. They are discarded from the exhibition, though many quite as false have been admitted without a word. The visitor is led to suppose that while portraiture was practised "on the Continent in the beginning of the sixteenth, or even in the middle of the fifteenth, century," such art appears to have been little practised in England before the reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII., as though portraiture originated entirely in the middle of the fifteenth century, and had not been the ordinary resource of art when painting from the life first began to be adopted. The pictures of the early Italian and German painters, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, are full of portraits. We have examples of a later date in this exhibition, in the triptych attributed to Van Eyck (No. 18), the date of which is the end of the fifteenth century, and another (27), representing Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, son of Henry IV., as a pilgrim, which is probably by an Italian painter of the same date. The portrait Edward Grimstone is undoubtedly a work of the time (1446), indicated by the signature of the painter, Petrus Christus, a pupil of Hubert Van Eyck, and is closely in his manner. The names of painters in England in the time of Richard III. and Henry VII. are for the most part lost with their works; the notice prefixed to the catalogue tells us of two fine portraits at Windsor Castle by Sotto Cleeve, which, however, are not in the exhibition; and mentions Lucas Cornelius, without pointing out the portrait of John of Gaunt which bears his name; and Lucas Penni, also, without pointing out the portrait by him in the exhibition. These are instances of the want of that concise information the commonest catalogue should possess. Mr. S. Redgrave only succeeds in mystifying us as to the date of Holbein's death, upon which some question has arisen in connection with a will, discovered in 1862, believed to be his. If this document were by his hand, it would cut short his life by eleven years, and throw into doubtful legitimacy the progeny of portraits attributed to him in the end of the reign of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Mr. Redgrave says it would not be "difficult to show" that certain painters named by "distinguished antiquaries" as existing then, and possibly the authors of the portraits attributed hitherto to Holbein, were "mere craftsmen employed in painting heraldic devices of the time;" and he hints that if an artist were to be called upon to pronounce he would give it against the anti-quaries. The true Holbein, Mr. Redgrave thinks, can be told with as much certainty as handwriting; but, we must add, that easy and sure as this may be, no sort of attempt has been made to do it in the catalogue, and the most palpably false titles of painters and persons are consequently allowed to mislead. The very few people who are at all accustomed to discriminate between painters will agree that in most cases a very reliable decision may be given, and where this cannot be done, we should be told so, and the reasons be briefly given. But this is the kind of artistic information which the visitor to this exhibition-who is probably not a great judge-will constantly be demanding. Indeed, it is impossible for those who have not some correcting power of their own to help falling into a state of wondering doubt as to the identity of

half the noted personages in whose company he has been imagining himself for the day. We have dwelt so far upon the very inadequate carrying out of Lord Derby's scheme because the exhibition, as far as it goes, has not been managed with that critical intelligence which it deserved, and in the hope that such obvious defects may be removed in those paintings by which it is proposed to bring the line of portrait history down to the present time.

The group of portraits assembled round the Chandos portrait of

Shakespeare consists of Ben Jonson, Edmund Spenser, Michael Drayton, and Richard Burbage, the artist-actor (who was the first player in Shakespeare's tragedies, and his partner in the Globe Theatre, outliving the poet three years).

There are five portraits of Shakespeare. The Chandos portrait belongs to the National Portrait Gallery, and is very well known by the engravings and facsimile in colour that have been taken from it. It is painted on canvas, and shows little more than the head and upper part of the shoulders. It has, on the back of the picture, a paper, on which is written—"The Chandos Shakespeare was the property of John Taylor, the player, by whom, or by Richard Burbage, it was painted. The picture was left by the former, in his will, to Sir Wm. Davenant. After his death it was bought by Betterton, the actor, upon whose decease Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for sixty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicholls, of Minchenden House, Southgate, Middlesex, whose only daughter married James, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, father to Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham." It was purchased at the sale at Stowe for 355 guineas, in 1840, and, eventually, presented to the National Portrait Gallery, by Lord Ellesmere. So far as pedigree goes, it appears authentic, but it is very feeble as a work of art, and gives the impression of being painted by an artist who was thoroughly overwhelmed by his task. The features are undefined, and have a certain clumsiness which seems to belong to the painter. It hears certain clumsiness which seems to belong to the painter. It bears but a very slight resemblance to the bust on the tomb at Stratford, which Mr. Halliwell and all the authorities agree in considering the most authentic. This portrait, however, was copied by Sir Godfrey Kneller, as a present to Dryden; and there are two evident copies of it amongst those exhibited here; that which is lent by Lord St. Leonards, of which no history is offered by the catalogue, and that which belongs to Mr. J. H. Hawkins, and which is attributed, absurdly enough, to Holbein; one of these may be Kneller's copy. Then we have a very different portrait in the half-length from Hampton Court, representing him in a rich, gold-laced dress, and sword, with the right hand on his dagger. The head, however, has scarcely any of the signs of having been studied from the life, although the artist the signs of having been studied from the life, although the artist has made a very fine, expressive portrait, and has probably been guided by the bust at Stratford, on which he has attempted to improve. The portrait lent by Mr. H. Danby Seymour resembles somewhat the Hampton Court picture, but the head is smaller, and the features have none of the look of having been painted from the life. Thus, we are left to choose between these very uncertain testimonies, and we suspect there are few who will not rather prefer their own ideal portrait of Shakespeare.

The portrait of Ben Jonson, contributed by Sir John Lawson, a very vigorously-painted head on panel, by Jacob Jordaens, full of life and colour, as a scholar of Rubens would paint. It represents "merry Ben" with thick, curly hair, a bright eye sparkling with humour, with a wart on his right cheek and another on the bridge of his nose. These are minute points to notice, as they appear again in the portrait hanging immediately below, which is lent by Lord St. Leonards, but with this difference, that the wart is on the left cheek. It is impossible to reconcile the two portraits; but that by Jordaens has all the stamp of truth upon it, while the other has no individuality, and is too undefined; in its ponderous, full face, it is more like the poet's worthy namesake, Sam

A beautiful head of Edmund Spenser hangs immediately below the Chandos Shakespeare—an oval face, with finely-cut features, aquiline nose, and a clear, dark eye, the hair closely cut, and a neatly-trimmed beard; it is a head full of bright fancy, and quite such as one would imagine that of the writer of the "Faërie Queene." Spenser is said to have died broken hearted at the loss of one of his children, who was burnt, with some of his writings, when the Irish rebels attacked and destroyed his house, in 1598. This portrait, which is small life-size, belongs to the Earl of Kinnoull, and is the only one in the exhibition. Michael Drayton, the writer of those gentle pastorals, the "Shepherd's Garland" and the "Polyolbion," appears by the side of Shakespeare, crowned with the wreath as Poet Laureate (1626). The head is apparently taken from the bust in Poet's Corner, and represents him fat and fair, with grey sandy hair. In the same way we have Sir Walter Raleigh, in his prime, wearing a complete suit of armour, with a jewelled baldric, and holding a baton of command, before he became the twelve-years' prisoner of James, and wrote his fragment of the "History of the World." This is a fine manly figure, the head well shaped, with full forehead, fine eyebrows, dark eyes, and thick rich brown hair. Here, too, is Elizabeth Counters of Southampton, wife of the Earl Honry Wriotesley. dark eyes, and thick rich brown hair. Here, too, is Elizabeth Countess of Southampton, wife of the Earl, Henry Wriotesley, Shakespeare's great friend, and supposed by some to be the "W. H." (inverted initials) of the sonnets—a portrait which ought to have been near Shakespeare, but it is not within sight even. Here, too, is Queen Elizabeth's "Secret Intelligencer," the famous astrologer and Chancellor of St. Paul's, whose black "speculum" stone was preserved by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and sold some years ago. Queen Elizabeth's naval heroes, Drake and

Frobisher, and a full length of the Lord High Admiral Howard of Effingham, surround her here in her old age, of which period in her life there is an admirable bust-portrait by Mark Garrard, from the Marquis of Exeter's Gallery. Passing on to the reign of James I., we meet with an extraordinary work of Rembrandt's, from Windsor Castle—a portrait of the old Irish Countess Desmond, who was said to have danced with Richard III. when Duke of Gloucester at the Court of Edward IV., 1461-83, and at 140 years of age travelled from Bristol to London. She died in the reign of James I. Rembrandt. no doubt, chose to paint the old dame to show the power of his art in transforming so much ugliness into beauty, for he was a child when she died, unless she lived on

for twenty years more.

Sir Nathaniel Bacon was a painter of this time whose portraits are rare; one of himself, full length, seated at his easel (411), is as fine as Vandyck. We soon, however, begin to meet with the affectations of attitude and display of Vandyck—Lely and Kneller—relieved happily by a few excellent portraits by Cornelius Jansen, Mytens, and one admirably vigorous one of Prince Rupert by Jan Steen, from the Marquis of Lansdown's gallery. The historical interest of this letter part of the collection, however, makes up for interest of this latter part of the collection, however, makes up for the bombastic style of the art of the time. We pass before such spirits as Falkland, Sir Harry Lee, Sir Jacob Astley, John Bradshaw, "the only man who sat in judgment upon his Sovereign," Archbishop Juxon, and Charles I., as he sat for his trial; William Prinne, who lost his ears for his "Histriomastrix," and others. Noticeable among the lights of the Commonwealth are—after Oliver Cromwell himself, of whom there is a superb head in crayon (803), by Sam Cooper—Abraham Cowley, a beautiful head, from St. John's, Cambridge, Taylor—the Water Poet, John Bunyan, Speaker Lenthall, Andrew Marvell, General Fleetwood—a fine fair-featured man, John Milton-a young man of 28, and a remarkable work of Mirevelt is a portrait of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. After these we have scarce patience to look at the heavy low-browed Charles II., with his entourage of Buckinghams and Rochesters, and their Moll Davises and Nell Gwynnes, and are glad to come into better company with old Hobbes of Malmesbury, Samuel Butler, Dr. Sydenham, and Matthew Hale; Barrow, old Walton, Matthew Lock, Sir Christopher Wren, Grinling Gibbons, and that happy, lively old gossip, Samuel Pepys, Elias Ashmole, Dryden, Richard Baxter, and the charming little Princess Mary of Orange as Diana, a very pretty conceit by Sir Peter Lely.

MUSIC.

As briefly recorded in our last number, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca re-appeared at the Royal Italian Opera on Thursday week. Her performance, as Margherita in "Faust," is one of the finest of the many different versions we have had of that part. Great as was the effect which Mdlle. Lucca produced in the same opera last season, she has surpassed it by the increased refinement which she now exhibits. Although, perhaps, still not equal to the Margherita of Mdlle. Adelina Patti in the exquisite grace and delicacy of the earlier scenes, Mdlle. Lucca unquestionably transcends that artist in the expression of the deeper emotions and more tragic sentiment of the closing portion of the work. In that brilliant piece of vocal display, the well-known "Jewel song," Mdlle. Lucca's execution appeared to have gained in finish and certainty; and her performance throughout the opera denoted progress in her art. Signor Mario's Faust is now recognised as one of the best impersonations of this admirable singer—always a consummate artist, even when his voice does not answer all requirements. Mdlle. Morensi (of whose début as Azucena in the "Trovatore" we recently spoke in favourable terms) sang and acted with quiet grace and earnestness as Siebel; but the part is scarcely demonstrative enough to call forth the dramatic talent which this lady possesses.

At Her Majesty's Theatre Mr. Hohler, by his second performance as Arturo in "I Puritani," has quite maintained the favourable impression which he made on his first appearance. His future will much depend on a judicious avoidance of parts requiring more

declamatory force than he as yet seems to possess. Mr. Charles Halle's benefit at the Popular Concert of Monday last was in every way interesting. Cherubini's violin quartet in E flat, one of a set of three (the only works of the kind which the master produced), is an extraordinary compound of laboured dulness and brilliant imaginative genius—the first quality being represented by the commencing allegro and the intermediate larghetto, and the second by the scherzo and the finale. The first two movements, although evidently wrought by the hand of a master, bear the palpable impress of persistent work, without any of those spontaneous promptings which alone justify composition. On the other hand, the scherzo, with its bolerolike subject, and its trie sparkling with animation and the trio sparkling with animation and vigorous thought; and the finale, so continuous and coherent in its treatment and development—are worthy of any master, or indeed of Cherubini himself. It was played to perfection by Messrs. Straus, Ries, H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti. Mr. Hell? and Signor Piatti. Mr. Halle's performance (for the first time) of Schubert's solo sonata in A (No. 2 of Op. 140) was an admirable specimen of finished and intellectual pianoforte playing. The work itself is one of the most charming, and, for its great length, the most continuously interesting, of all Schubert's solo pieces. It abounds in exquisite melody, and in that dreamy poetical feeling which Schubert so largely possessed—in the interpretation of which, as well as in the execution of the great mechanical difficulties, Mr. Hallé proved himself a consummate master. Mdlle. Bettelheim (of Her Majesty's Theatre) was the vocalist of the evening. Her aria from Bach's cantata, fine as it is, is too sombre and serious in tone for a chamber concert, or, indeed, for separation from the work to which it belongs, and which is properly destined for church performance. Mdlle. Bettelheim possesses a very powerful and deep contralto voice, and sings with much earnest feeling, although occasionally somewhat deficient in vocal finish. The concert was altogether, as already said, one of great interest, and drew a large audience, whose loud applause testified to the justly high estimation in which the great merits of Mr. Hallé are held.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. FECHTER has revived "Hamlet" for a short period previous to the production of the "Corsican Brothers," his Ophelia being Miss Carlotta Leclercq, his Laertes Mr. Hermann Vezin, and his Polonius, Mr. Addison. The play has never been so poetically put upon the stage, or acted generally with more refinement.

The Parliamentary Committee on Theatrical Licences and Regulations is still pursuing its investigations, getting more opinions than facts, and a very large proportion of hearsay to a very little evidence. On Friday, the 20th of April, Mr. Strange was reexamined and cross-examined. Mr. Bodkin, who confessed that he had pover been incided a myrichell are allowed to six his he had never been inside a music-hall, was allowed to give his abstract views upon public amusements, and Mr. Bodham Donne was allowed to go over the same ground that the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, another representative of the Lord Chamberlain, had gone over at a previous sitting of the Committee. The crossexamination of Mr. Strange merely proved that the management of the Alhambra scarcely differs from the management of the operahouses or the theatres. Mr. Bodkin stated, in substance, that he thought ballet a very good thing for the rich, but a very bad thing for the poor; and Mr. Bodham Donne endeavoured to show that the Lord Chamberlain never refused a dramatic licence to a "properly constructed" building, and never granted it to an improperly constructed one. When pressed to state why a licence was granted to such a building as the Gallery of Illustration, and refused to a magnificent group of rooms like St. James's Hall, he was obliged to assert that the small gallery was very fit, and the large hall very unfit for dramatic performances. On Monday, the 23rd of April, the proceedings were resumed, under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, and Mr. Bodham Donne's examination was completed. He upheld the official view that the present law and its administration are perfect, though he admitted that he would not license plays like "The Hypocrite." During Mr. Donne's examination Mr. Locke proved that monologues and recitations by one person of any passage from a drama came under the legal definition of a stage-play, and are, therefore, illegal performances in any building in London which is not under the control of the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Stanley, formerly Mr. Morton's partner in the Oxford and Cambridge Music Halls, and now representing a music-hall association, was next examined, and his evidence was very protective. A certain number of music-hall proprietors appear to ask, through Mr. Stanley, for very little, because the construction of their buildings and particularly of their stages, will not allow them to represent much. This evidence, of course, fails to touch the 5,000 halls throughout the country, where refreshments are not sold, but whose proprietors wish to give legal dramatic performances.

A new adaptation from the French, by Mr. Leicester Bucking-ham, was produced at the Olympic on Wednesday night, under the title of "Love's Martyrdom." It is almost a close translation of a six-act drama by M. Frederic Soulié, first produced in Paris in the early part of 1843 at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu Comique. "Love's Martyrdom" is one of those favourite French dramas formed of equal parts of crime and sentiment, the crime going as far as murder, and the sentiment concentrating itself in a daughter who lives a life of misery to conceal a father's villany. Unlike most French dramas, it contains a number of persons in whom it is impossible to feel an interest, and is loaded with an exceptionally weak hero, and a confused story about a stolen will and property. The cast contains all the principal members of the Olympic company; Miss Kate Terry has several effective spasmodic scenes, Mrs. Stephens is well provided with malapropisms and misplaced h's, Mr. Vincent represents a brazen-faced villain, Mr. Wigan is a dishonest steward and murderer, who develops into a Fagin; Mr. Soutar is a comic artist; there is plenty of slow music and effective scenery; but, for all this, we doubt the permanent success of the piece. Its interest is divided into two lines, which which run side by side without meeting often enough; the prologue is feeble and affected, and the last act opens vigorously, but ends very tamely. The strength of the drama lies in the middle portions, and is confined to one or two scenes between the heroine and her husband, and the heroine and one of the villains. The play is in four acts and a prologue, and the adapter has made several slight improvements on the French original. The last act would be more effective if not performed nearly in the dark; and the villains would be more natural if they were not so preternaturally courageous in the face of pistols.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

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On May day the Crystal Palace Company will commence their thirteenth season. The programme, if we may be allowed the term,

"bristles" with attractions. On May-day a great concert of five thousand voices will be given by children and others connected with the Metropolitan Schools, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin. Ethardo will also reappear, his lofty pole for the nonce being converted into a gigantic May-pole. On the following day, Mr. Charles Dickens has kindly undertaken to give a reading of "Little Dombey." Other specialties intervene, and on the following Saturday, 5th May, the concert season will be inaugurated by a great performance on the Handel Orchestra of Handel's "Acis and Galatea"—Mdlle. Titiens, Signori Gardoni and Stagno, with Mr. Santley, being the principal vocalists. The band of the Company, largely reinforced, and a chorus of nearly one thousand carefully-selected voices, under the direction of Mr. Manns, will, it is anticipated, present this favourite serenata of Handel's in a manner worthy of the occasion. Eight other Opera Concerts will follow on Saturdays. Seven of these will be supported by such a carefully selected arrangement of artistes of Her Majesty's Theatre and by solo instrumentalists (including Madame Arabella Goddard, &c., &c.), as will render each concert of this series especially interesting. The Great Flower Show of the season will be held under the most favourable auspices on Saturday, 12th May. As a feature of additional interest, and to afford additional accommodation, the beautiful gardens of Rockhills, adjoining the Palace, and the residence of the late Sir Joseph Paxton, will be thrown open to visitors. As in front of the surrounding verandah there is growing one of the largest trees of Wisteria Sinensis in the country, and as at the time of this great show it will be in full beauty, such an opportunity affords additional interest to the great show of the coming season. These gardens will be again thrown open on the day of the Great Rose Show, Saturday, 23rd of June. The revels on behalf of the Royal Dramatic College will also be held early in July, but probably the most popular day (or rather evening) will be the great display of fireworks, and grand illumination of fountains, water temples, and gardens, on Thursday, 17th May, the day following the Derby race at Epsom. Many other concerts and fêtes, including the Archery Fête, great gymnastic gathering of unusual interest, great meetings of various sorts, will help to swell up the numbers.

Subscription Testimonial to George Cruikshank.—Thackeray, several years ago, wrote:—"Before the century was actually in its teens, we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?" A way is now being opened, and we are persuaded that many will avail themselves of it. A subscription is about to be commenced for presenting the veteran artist with a substantial testimonial of the wide regard in which he is held—not a testimonial in the form of a piece of plate, or other superfluity, but in that of a sum of money. Mr. Cruikshank is in his seventy-fourth year, and has done, perhaps, more work than any living draughtsman. The public can never repay him one hundredth part of the delight he has given them; but they may at least show a willingness to do so. The committee is not yet fully formed; but Mr. Ruskin is announced as the president.

THE Institute of Painters in Water Colours opened their thirtysecond annual exhibition at the Gallery in Pall Mall on Monday, and the Old Society give the private view of their exhibition on Saturday.

THE General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings at the Dudley Gallery is announced to close on the 19th of May.

In speaking, last week, of the portrait of Lord Brougham, just published by Mr. Tegg, we erroneously described it as a lithograph. It is, in fact, a mezzotint.

SCIENCE.

An interesting essay on the cause of hail and rain has just been laid before the French Academy by M. Renou. Rain and hail, according to the writer, are produced in the same way—viz., by the passage of a snow-cloud, or cirrhus, through a vapour-cloud, or cumulus. The cirrhus is generally situate at a height of nearly 7,000 yards above the earth, and consists of fine particles of congealed vapour. Under certain conditions it falls through the cumulus, which is generally at a much lower level, and in doing so it adds to the water the latter contains, and by abstracting its heat converts it into rain. If the abstraction of heat goes on to any great extent, the particles of water become frozen, and fall on the earth as hail.

Bearing closely on the above subject is a paper by M. Becquerel, upon the climates of wooded as compared with unwooded localities. A series of observations recently conducted at Montargis has proved that far more rain falls in districts were forests are prevalent than on plains. This is only reasonable to suppose, for mountains are known to have the effect of producing rain. When the clouds which are travelling over the valley, at about the height from it of the mountain, reach the latter, they are lifted still higher, and thus meeting a cold stratum of air, they are converted into rain.

Microscopists will be pleased to learn that the curious creeping movements of the Diatomaccæ have been at length explained by Herr M. Schultz. This distinguished microscopist has proved that the Diatoms move along in a manner similar to the Amæba, by throwing out from the raphe a species of gelatinous film. This would seem to show that the Diatomaccæ are more closely allied to animals than is generally believed. A considerable portion of Schultz's article has been translated in the pages of our contemporary, Scientific Opinion.

M. Rosanoff, of Cherbourg, has published an interesting essay upon "the red pigment of the Florideæ, and its physiological purpose."

His experiments were conducted upon the genera Ceramium, Plocamium, Dumontia, Cystoclonium, Gracillaria, Chondrus, Gigantina, and Lomentaria. He considers the red pigment as an organ essential to assimilation. He draws the following conclusions as to the character and conditions of the pigment:—(1.) Like chlorophyll, it presents protoplasmatic formations, disposed upon a membranous layer of protoplasm. It consists of granules, which may be elongated into curved spines, or may be spherical, or band-like, and inflated at intervals. In the natural condition they are homogeneous; but after the action of water they become granular, spheroidal, and vesicular. They do not contain any appreciable quantity of starch, and are impregnated with a red colouring matter. (2.) The pigment appears to be accumulated in the interior of the cells, especially when these are situated near the surface of the frond. (3.) With regard to the granules of starch and the pigment particles, the latter form chains which are broken by the former. In some cases the starch granule is surrounded by a number of the pigment particles. But the starch granules are never covered by an envelope of coloured protoplasm. (4.) The florideze change colour on the spot on which they grow. At first they become brick-red, then they change to green, and finally they become completely discoloured. These are pathological phenomena which depend upon the action of light, of heat, and of the sea-water, which during low-tide becomes diluted by the rain. The first of these changes of colour depends upon the accumulation of the protoplasmic formations in the cellular juice; the second is produced by an alteration in the constitution of the colouring matter; and the third results from its complete destruction.

M. Ferd. Monoyer has just completed some investigations upon the locomotion of fishes, which are of extreme interest to naturalists and physiologists. The movement of fishes through water takes place, he says, by the action of the tail, and principally by that of the caudal fin. When the progression is rapid, the other fins play no part in locomotion. When the fish wishes to stop, it does so as an oarsman would by producing "backwater," which it effects through its pectoral fins. The other fins may be employed in this latter operation, but their only use is to prevent the fish turning round on its transverse axis.

In the London Mirror of the 21st we find an article, which we suspect to be from the pen of a well-known lady philosopher, upon the subject of baking-powders. The writer states that these "pernicious" compounds are believed by the poorer classes to be substitutes for eggs in puddings and butter in pastry, and states they are really either useless preparations of carbonate of soda, or poisonous compounds of chromate of lead, which is used to give them an "eggy appearance."

Scientific Meetings. — Tuesday: — The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. 1. Discussion upon Mr. Manning's paper "On the Flow of Water off the Ground. 2. "On the Water Supply of Paris," by G. R. Burnell, M. Inst. C.E. — Wednesday:—Society of Arts, at 8 p.m. "On National Standards for Gas Measurement and Gas Meters," by Mr. George Glover. — Friday:—Society of Arts, at 8 p.m. "Cantor Lecture," by Dr. Crace Calvert, F.R.S.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

SPAIN AND HER CREDITORS.

If to treat Spain as an honest nation were all that was necessary to make her one, we have no doubt that the meetings of bondholders which have been called for to-day would have little difficulty in agreeing that it would be a wise act on the part of the Committee of the Stock Exchange to open the market for the negotiation of Spanish securities. To do that would be treating Spain as a Power whose commercial honour is worth something, and it is probable enough that to find itself regarded in this light would be very agreeable to a proud nation; especially agreeable considering in what bad odour Spanish credit has been for many years, and how all money markets of Europe have fought so shy of Spanish securities that they have put them under ban, and have closed their gates against their admission, as a prudent housekeeper fortifies his house with bars and bolts against thieves. Of course there is much more than national amour propre concerned in this question. We should probably never have heard of Spain's sensitiveness to the charge of dishonesty, had not the consequences of her offence in this respect exercised upon her something more than a mere sentimental pressure. Spain has made her creditors smart for their folly in trusting her, but she has been made to smart in turn. She is in the position of a man who owns mines of untold wealth, who cannot work them for want of money, and who is such a slippery customer that no one will trust him with a loan. A nation can never inflict upon her foreign creditors anything like the injury which the reaction of her dishonesty inflicts upon herself. Their loss is the loss of so much per head to so many individuals; hers is exclusion from that community of trust and confidence amongst nations which would entitle her to share their prosperity, and which may be of vital necessity to the utilizing of her resources.

Spain forfeited that community when she repudiated her debts. Those debts it was particularly binding on her to pay, for they were debts of honour. Her creditors had no power of redress if her own sense of right failed them. And to these considerations must be added the shockingly disgraceful spectacle of a nation setting its creditors at defiance like any common levanter. Who would trust such a Power? What could the authorities of any Exchange in Europe do but put its securities under ban?

Spain has felt the effects of this exclusion, and every year feels them more. None of the once vigorous Powers of Europe have a fairer prospect of re-assuming their ancient dignity; but, with the single exception of Greece, there is none so much despised. None have a fairer prospect of progress and prosperity. Money alone is wanted to realize it. But because Spain has once been dishonest, she is shut off from the money markets of Europe. Her industry lies crushed under the weight of her dishonesty. Spaniards must be very much behind the age indeed if they do not see this. But they do see it. They importune their Government to come to terms with the national creditors, and redeem the national credit. They feel that if they are to make way in the world, if the nation is to be re-habilitated, if the abounding resources of the country are not to lie fruitless, the ban of exclusion must be taken off. The dishonesty which was so pleasant when it was first practised has been gradually assuming a new character. Spain breathed freely under it at first, but she now feels that it is strangling her. This conviction is so strong, and prevails so widely, that it is even said Senor Alonso Martinez, the present Spanish Minister of Finance, who has so consistently advocated the claims of the foreign creditors, feels himself in a position to do them justice; feels that the Cortes will empower him to satisfy their claims, or, at least, to come to some compromise with them which shall be satisfactory.

But then it would appear that there is a condition precedent to his doing this, which our Stock Exchange must observe before the Cortes can be prevailed upon to give its consent to a settlement. The Stock Exchange must remove the ban it has placed upon Spanish securities. No Spanish Minister, it is said, would dare so to wound the amour propre of his countrymen as to propose the payment of the foreign creditor without this concession on the foreign creditor's part. Before Spain will consent to be honest, we must pretend to believe her honest. Otherwise she would rather continue dishonest. It is not her guilt that oppresses her so much as the fact that any one should call her guilty. She would rather even forego all the advantages that would accrue to her now from the policy of honesty, than admit, in spite of the notorious fact, that she has ever observed any other policy. Such is the quality of Spanish pride, which reminds one of Hood's hidalgo, who, when his house was on fire, refused to escape by a rope for fear of letting himself down. Spain would rather still be shut out from all the money markets of Europe, would rather still be branded as a defaulter, would rather still see golden opportunities pass by her, and unlimited resources lie waste, than have it said that she had ever been anything but the very pink of honesty. Shall we or shall we not indulge this fancy of hers? Shall we now treat her as honest in the hope of presently finding her so? That is the question to be discussed at to-day's meetings; and there is much division of opinion upon it. If the reality were certain to follow the pretence, there would be no difficulty in deciding the question. The creditors of Spain, at least, would not hesitate to urge on the Committee of the Stock Exchange the removal of the ban, whatever the Committee itself might determine to do, or not to do. And there are bondholders and certificate-holders who stand up stoutly for such a concession to Spanish amour propre. They say that Señor Alonso Martinez is crippled in his attempt to do justice to the foreign creditor by the maintenance of this ban; for so long as it is kept up, an unscrupulous Parliamentary opposition will meet him with the cry that he is sacrificing the honour of the country by bowing down before the London Stock Exchange. It may be so, and of course there is this much to be said on their side of the question that if concession would not improve the position of the creditors, it certainly could not make it worse. And though it is true that Spain has promised much and done nothing, perhaps the generous course would be the most politic. Still, there is much to be said on the other side of the question. As far as we have seen, the claims of the foreign creditors have been recognised by a few wise and honourable Spaniards who maintain them against a corrupt majority. It is possible that, in time, the minority will become the majority, when Spaniards shall have been fully convinced, by severe and prolonged pressure of the ban, that honesty is the best policy.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LADY ARABELLA STUART.*

HENRY STUART, Lord Darnley-unluckiest among all the husbands and lovers of Mary Queen of Scots-had a younger brother named Charles, who married Elizabeth Cavendish, step-daughter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, by whom he had one child. This was the ill-starred Arabella Stuart, born November 10th, 1575. As a child, she possessed much of the beauty of childhood, and gave proof of considerable intelligence; yet, when grown up, she hardly deserved to be called pretty, though her features were interesting, and her manners lively and agreeable. It might have been foreseen, however, from the first, that happiness in this world was not for her, because, unless she could secure to herself the succession to Elizabeth's throne, her doubtful claim to it must inevitably render her odious to James of Scotland. When she was more than twenty-seven years of age, the great Queen died, and James, the least worthy among all the pretenders to the succession, became—partly through fraud, partly through popular ignorance— King of England. At first, the change seemed rather favourable than otherwise to Arabella: James received her at Court, supplied her with an income, and affected to regard her as a near and dear relative. Still, in secret he viewed her with anxiety and terror, lest some of those who had thriven so well under Elizabeth should attempt to obtain for themselves once more the advantage of living under a female sovereign. To nourish and establish his fears, the story of a plot was fabricated, in the reality of which he was made to believe, and the unhappy Arabella was selected to form the nucleus of this grotesque conspiracy. No doubt, a few priests and wrong-headed political fanatics desired to unseat James, partly in the interest of Catholicism, partly in the hope of putting a better prince in his place; but the Government skilfully turned both the fiction and the fact into instruments for effecting the destruction of those they had determined to convert into enemies. At the head of these was Sir Walter Raleigh, who, it is well known, was accused in 1603 of concocting a plan for raising Arabella Stuart to the throne, by the aid of Spain, the Pope, and the Archduke of Austria. Modern times have been only too familiar with simulated plots, devised by the agents of Governments in order to supply a pretext for putting troublesome opponents and patriots to death; yet English historians experience almost insuperable reluctance to attribute such a crime to one of the worst Governments on record. In whatever way this question may be decided, the idea ultimately proved fatal to Arabella. James's courtiers filled his mind with alarms lest his cousin should take to herself a husband, and multiply pretenders to the throne; and it was, to say the least of it, unfortunate that, when she did find a lover, he should have been the very person whom she ought, above all others, to have avoided, seeing that he himself, as a Seymour, was suspected of having a strong appetite for the exercise of regality. The charge may be well-founded, since he was silly enough for anything. Whatever may have been his aim, or that of his scarcely less silly bride, no sooner had the nuptials been celebrated than the hyperborean Solomon, with all his courtiers and statesmen, was thrown into a fever of terror, which rendered both him and them incapable of reasoning. No man can read the history of those times without a deep sense of humiliation. England, so proud and formidable under Elizabeth, had now shrunk into the lean and slippered pantaloon, coughing, wheezing, and trembling, like a patient on the brink of the grave. All masculine energy appeared to be extinct. James was paralyzed with apprehension by the trot of an ambitious mouse over the carpet or rushes of his palace. And now here was the treasonable project of a persecuted young woman to get a husband, quite unsuited to her, indeed, by age, but otherwise, in the then condition of the country, harmless enough. Neither James nor any of those about him understood in what direction the current of public opinion was really setting, though a few visits to the conventicles of the Puritans might have sufficed to open their eyes. What the educated and energetic thinkers of the age longed for, was not the offspring, male or female, of Seymour and Arabella, but a commonwealth of which God should be king. The members of the Rota, as well as the authors of the "Defensio pro Populo Anglicana," and of the "Leviathan," were already born; the basis of "Oceana" was deeply laid in the national mind; on the floor of Parliament, revolutionary theories were daringly put forward, though the speakers knew that the Tower was ready to receive them for any unpalatable words they might utter. Yet these were not the symptoms which troubled the King or his Court. They turned from the colossal projects which, like the children of Anak, were throwing their awful shadows athwart the political arena, to hunt down two lovers who would hardly have been thought dangerous in the puny commonwealth of San Marino, with its standing army of two soldiers posted at the two gates of the capital. But there was no reasoning with the great antagonist of old women who took a harmless airing nightly on broomsticks. He fancied himself equal to the conducting of a controversy with the profound and subtle Bellarmin, yet was so deficient in rational powers that he could not practically see an inch before him. He had not yet made himself the laughing-stock of Europe by babbling about Steenie and Baby Charles, but was obviously giving the people a taste of what they had to expect from him. The man who might have offered

him counsel worthy the hearing of an English king was struggling with rheumatism and paralysis in the Bloody Tower, where James's court creatures resolved to keep him till they should have made matters ripe for laying his neck upon the block. It may have been fear, it may have been heartlessness, it may have been sheer stupidity; but we are never told that Arabella once gave expression to a single phrase of sympathy for Raleigh, though he lost his liberty, his estates, and his health, for her. It signifies nothing that he organized no plot; the bare accusation ought to have sufficed to inspire her with an interest in his fate; if she could do nothing, she might at least have let fall one word of sympathy, which would have been caught up and treasured in England's heart of hearts, and been quoted and repeated throughout the world in honour of her memory. But she was a real Stuart—mean, greedy, avaricious: a fact which, had she been fortunate, would have made

the world dismiss her contemptuously to oblivion.

A biography of Arabella Stuart, of moderate dimensions, would have been welcome; but, unluckily, the work before us, by Miss Cooper, is not moderate in its dimensions. Looking at it apart from its professed aim, the book is sufficiently well written and interesting; but it is impossible not to feel that a very large portion ought, in all conscience, to have been omitted. One volume would have sufficed to tell Arabella's story completely, and within that compass Miss Cooper might, and doubtless we believe would, have told the story entertainingly. By overloading the subject with extraneous matter, she has perplexed and almost swamped her proper narrative. This is to be regretted, because she writes ably and pleasantly, and gives utterance by the way to sentiments honourable at once to her judgment and her feelings. A dash of over-partiality for the unfortunate lady whose tale she has undertaken to tell may be pardoned, because the mind naturally magnifies what it loves, and we fancy that Miss Cooper has a strong predilection for William Seymour's wife. Recent works among others, the life of Lord Bacon, by Mr. Hepworth Dixonhave made the public familiar with the salient points of Arabella's tragedy, so that Miss Cooper had only to collect and arrange in order, and bring out the spirit of the documents which compose the history of her heroine's career. In truth, however, Arabella did little, though she suffered a great deal, and it is her sufferings exclusively that recommend her to posterity, and constitute the fabric of her tale. Seymour was confined in the Tower, and she herself banished to Durham. The ferocity of her "good cousin," the witch-burner, acting on a nervous temperament and excited brain, produced, no doubt, a considerable amount of real illness; but Arabella was in love, and the prospect of being separated for an indefinite period from her lover maddened her. She therefore resolved—for which every reader will applaud her—to defeat Solomon's policy, and, with a skill and success seldom equalled on the stage, acted deadly sickness. She could not eat, she could not walk, she could not support her emaciated frame in an erect position; lying supine in a state of coma, she defeated the skill of one physician after another, so that, on account of the direness of her disease, a respite of a few days was allowed her at Barnet. To the credit of mankind, it must be admitted that lovers in distress generally find persons to comfort and assist them. Arabella and William Seymour did, and by means of their friends a plan for their escape was devised, which was so ingenious that it ought to have been successful. One of the incidents connected with Seymour's flight deserves to be extracted :-

"On Sunday, the 3rd of June, Edward Rodney went to the house of a woman with whom he had formerly lodged, and telling her that he was ill, and wanted a change for a few days, he engaged a lodging at her house. He then sent his man-servant, a Frenchman, with 'a cloke, a cappe, a cabbynett, and a fardele, all lapt in a white sheete, to be laid in his chamber.' They were very heavy, and therefore suspected by the landlady to conceal some articles of value. The next morning, at about eight o'clock, the servant came again, and asked if his master had not been there, and at the same time brought with him a buckram bag 'fulle of stuffe.' At six o'clock on the same day there came to the house a tall gentleman, whose cloak was lined with purple velvet, his hose of the same colour, and a green camlet doublet. He had flaxen hair and no beard. He asked if Mr. Rodney had not taken a lodging there? At first the landlady denied it, thinking that, as Mr. Rodney had taken the rooms on account of his health, he would prefer to be safe from the intrusion of strangers. The newcomer, however, smiled at the pretext of illness, and told her that the truth was that Mr. Rodney had taken the lodging for a gentlewoman of fashion, by whom Mr. Rodney might receive much good.

"He then went away and came back with a gentlewoman (a servant of Arabella), tall of person, not richly apparelled, very pale, and recognisable by a wart on her cheek, under the eye. This gentleman stayed in the house till three in the afternoon, by which time all the goods were conveyed by a waterman to St. Katherine's Stairs. The man then, cautiously peering into the street to see that no one was there, took his companion, and both departed. The curiosity of the landlady was aroused, and she sent her servant to follow these strange guests. The servant returned with the news that they had gone to Pickleherring, against the Tower, and there taken a boat.'

We have said that Arabella acted well the part of an invalid. She did more: by pretending a willingness cheerfully to obey the King's commands, and proceed, without farther delay, to Durham, she threw her ordinary attendants off their guard, while preparing to make a bold dash for liberty. Having, by gold or otherwise, obtained a number of coadjutors, she

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[&]quot;Put on her disguise, which consisted of a large pair of Frenchfashioned hose, a man's doublet, a large peruke with long locks, a

The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart, including Numerous Original and Unpublished Documents. By Elizabeth Cooper, Author of "A Popular History of America." Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

black bat, black cloak, white, or, as another account says, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side.

"Thus equipped, on Monday, the 4th of June, between three and four in the afternoon, she boldly went forth, accompanied by Mr. Markham, one of her attendants.

"They walked for a mile and a half till they reached a 'sorry Inne,' where the faithful Crompton waited for them with saddle horses. But in the shattered condition of Arabella's health the short walk had been too much for her. She turned sick and faint, and could scarcely mount her horse. 'That gentleman will hardly reach London,' said the ostler, as he held the stirrup for her to mount. However, the brisk exercise brought the unwonted blood into her pale cheeks, and, in cavalier fashion, she rode with Crompton and Markham to Blackwall, where she arrived at about six o'clock.

"There, at the tavern, they found the flaxen-haired man, and the gentlewoman had set off a little before. Arabella is described at the inn as in man's apparel—white boots with red tops, one spur hanging down to the ground. She waited at Blackwall an hour and a half, her company coming scattered one after another. But she waited in vain for Seymour, till delay became so hazardous that she was forced to depart with her one female attendant. She set off in a boat with 'a good pair of oars,' followed by another carrying their baggage.

baggage.
"The rest waited for Seymour, only Markham and Crompton, with the gentlewoman, going with Arabella. The two men were in one boat, the two women in another. They rowed till they arrived at Lea, where they saw a vessel lying at anchor, commanded by a captain of the name of Briggs. They immediately hailed the vessel, and asked whither she was bound. The master answered,—'For Berwick.' Then the youngest of the two servants said to the master, that if he would leave his voyage and serve him, he would give him any money he chose to ask. The master refused the offer, saying that he was bound to his merchant, and could not break his word. They then asked him if there was not a French vessel lying somewhere near. The master answered that he knew not, unless it might be a vessel that was riding about a mile and a half up the river. They said that if that were the ship they should recognise her by a flag which the master had promised to hold out, but seeing no other, they went away, and towing up to her they found she was the desired bark, and all four went on board in the sight of the Berwick captain. The latter particularly noticed the company, which he described as consisting of 'a man about forty years, with a long flaxen beard, something corpulent, and, as he remembered, in a suit of grey cloth, with a rapier and a dagger gilt. The other was younger, with a little black beard, who was the man that most desired the master to receive them and carry them for Calais, with large proffers for the passage, who, as he remembered, was in black apparel. The third man he did not notice, and, therefore, could not describe him. Of the women, one was bare-faced, in a black riding safeguard, with a black hat, having nothing on her head but a black hat and her hair. This last he took to be Moll Cutpurse, and thought that, if it were she, she had made some fault and was desirous of escape.'

"The other woman sat close covered with a black hood or veil over her head and face, so that he could not see her—only saw that under her mantle she had a white attire (a glimpse of her white boots), and that, on pulling off her glove, 'a marvellous fair white hand was revealed.'

"Arabella had now escaped the greater dangers and reached the French ship. But where was Seymour?"

The sequel is well known. Seymour escaped to Ostend, but Arabella, when actually in sight of Calais, was captured, brought back to England, and lodged in the Tower, where, after years of agony, she died mad. Thus was James delivered from an imaginary rival, whom he sacrificed to his dastardly fears. Arabella's body was conveyed by torchlight to Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, where her ashes still repose close to those of her grandmother and of Mary Queen of Scots. From what we have said, it will be inferred that, although too long, Miss Cooper's work possesses a strong interest. Even in her preliminary chapters, which, critically speaking, are mere hors d'œuvres, she displays much ability, especially in her sketches of Katherine Grey, and of that restless and avaricious old termagant whom she calls Bess of Hardwick. better known to the historical reader as the wife of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she tormented to death, as she had three other husbands before; after which, she went on calmly to the age of ninety, when death put a stop to her greed and her intrigues.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.*

STRANGE as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that, till the publication of the comprehensive treatise now before us, we have had no English standard work upon the subject of comparative anatomy. The lectures of Professor Huxley have only in part been published, and form but one volume, which is to serve as an introduction to the forthcoming series. Professor Rymer Jones's "Animal Kingdom," though a useful and highly-popular book, does not meet the requirements of the higher students of science, and cannot be regarded as much better than a college text-book. Carpenter's fine compilation is devoted more to the investigation of the functions than of the structure of animals, and is, too, a little behind the advance of biologic knowledge. Finally, the ponderous and gigantic production of the late Sir Everard Home can hardly be ranked higher than as an antique and curious essay, which it is essential to have, in order to complete a library collec-

* On the Anatomy of Vertebrates. Vol. I., Fishes and Reptiles; Vol. II., Birds and Mammsls. By Richard Owen, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Natural History Departments of the British Museum. London: Longmans & Co.

tion, but which has very little intrinsic merit to commend it. Of course we have translations innumerable of the writings of Continental savants, and these serve a most important part in the cultivation of a knowledge of comparative anatomy; but their existence says very little for the scientific progress of England, since it is a fair à priori conclusion, that the country which relies upon the publications of others has not the capacity for producing original works itself. It was therefore a reproach to British science that such exhaustive treatises as the "Regne Animal," and the works of Siebold, Stannius, Bojanus, Carus, and Van der Hoeven, should exist abroad, whilst England possessed no single production which could vie with them either in comprehensiveness or importance. The stain has been wiped out by the labours of Professor Owen, whom we must congratulate upon rescuing the national character for progress from a very perilous position.

whom we must congratulate upon rescuing the national character for progress from a very perilous position.

Few so competent as Professor Owen for this serious task could be found in the long list of English anatomists. For, however we

be found in the long list of English anatomists. For, however we may differ from certain of his theories, all must confess that he is the most experienced of living comparative anatomists, and the one who has been most active in the employment of his pen and scalpel. Those who are at all curious as to the labours of naturalists, should take up Agassiz's "Bibliographia Zoologiæ," and, turning over the leaves till they arrive at our author's name, should see the record of his life in the titles of his several memoirs. There they will find page upon page filled with the headings alone of the various works which Professor Owen has contributed to scientific literature; and when they consider that each of these contributions required not only time to write, but time to think out, and time expended in tedious preliminary investigation, they can then form some estimate of the huge stores of knowledge acquired during a life of unceasing research and study, and will admit the truth of our assertion that Professor Owen's experience exceeds that of all his contemporaries. It must not for a moment be supposed that, in thus awarding a high measure of praise to the author of the present volumes, we wish to detract in the slightest degree from the reputation of any of his fellow-workers, or to commit ourselves in any particular to his opinions or inductions. What we desire to show is this: that Professor Owen's life and labours have peculiarly fitted him for the preparation of a standard work upon comparative anatomy-a treatise calculated to redeem the reputation of British science. The status which the author holds renders him all the more responsible, and exposes his efforts more fully to severe critical analysis; and this we shall have to bear in mind when considering the mode of treatment he has adopted with his subject.

We have at the present day two distinct schools of naturalists, which we may style the positive and the conceptive. The former is represented by Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley, and to the latter Professor Owen especially belongs. The positive school differs from the conceptive in regard to the theories of origin of species, and relation of parts of the body to each other, and of those in one animal to those in another. Natural Selection and Homology may be said to be the bones of contention between the two sets of philosophers. Huxley and Darwin investigate structure in its mature and embryonic conditions, and form those inductions alone which seem to accord with the facts. Men of Professor Owen's way of thinking are struck by a few analogies, and, from the highly-conceptive nature of their minds, they frame generalizations which are exquisitely seductive, and which meet some of the facts, if not all. Indeed, it may be tersely said that the Huxleyian school reasons from facts to theories, whilst the followers of Owen argue from theories to facts. We must, therefore, not be surprised to find throughout Professor Owen's volumes a frequent allusion to hypotheses which, though exceedingly attractive to the transcendental mind, are unacceptable to the man who is content to believe only what he knows. This is forcibly true of the Archetype theory, which supposes that all animals with an internal skeleton are built upon the same plan, and that all parts of the body are mere repetitions of one typical part, modified in various regions to suit particular ends. Thus Professor Owen tells us that man's skeleton is but a series of vertebræ placed end to end and having certain appendages. A typical vertebra is a solid circle of bone with two arches branching from it, one behind for the nervous system, and one in front for the vascular. The skull is but a continuation of the back-bone, in which the hinder arches have become enormously expanded for the protection of the brain, and the chest is similarly another series, in which the ribs or front arches have expanded for the protection of the heart and lungs. The arms and legs are merely projecting processes corresponding with the little spines we find upon the back-bone, and the former are the spines of one of the vertebre of the head, and ought properly to be attached to the cranium as they are in that animal which Professor Owen regards as the type of vertebratesthe fish. To such hypothetical speculations as the foregoing we cannot give even the faintest assent. So long as the anatomist alleges merely that he sees a number of common elements in the skeleton of all vertebrates, we agree with him entirely; but when he goes beyond the limits of fair induction, and assumes that, because there are those common elements, they must be a sort of abstract type or plan upon which the Almighty worked, we as plainly deny his conclusions. For these reasons, we must dissent unequivocally from the views which the writer enunciates in the work before us. From the same cause, we object to the way in which the importance of the study of development is, to some extent, slurred over. The arguments derived from "development," as a method of philosophical investigation, have in many cases proved fatal to Professor Owen's opinions; and we suppose that this accounts for the following strange assertions in our author's prefuce:

"Embryology has this inferiority, that every species is such ab initio, and takes its own course to the full manifestation of its specific characters, agreeably with the nature originally impressed upon the germ.... The embryo derived its nature and the potency of its self-development according to the specific pattern.... This truth has been masked to some apprehensions by the course of the developmental steps from the general to the particular; the initial ones more especially offering likenesses or analogies to finished lower species exemplifying degrees of organization in the animal kingdom.... Embryology affords no criterion between the ossific centres that have a 'homological,' and those that have a 'teleological' signification."

Waiving the objections which we have raised to Professor Owen's theories, we come to note a significant though partial admission which he makes of the truth of the principles of Natural Selection. We do not mean that Professor Owen yields formally to Darwinian views; he, indeed, repudiates them; but we would call attention to the following passage, and ask whether it is not actually an admission of the Darwinian theory:—"The actual presence, therefore, of small species of animals in countries where larger species of the same natural families formerly existed, is not the consequence of any gradual diminution of the size of such species, but is the result of circumstances which may be illustrated by the fable of the 'Oak and the Reed;' the smaller and feebler animals have bent and accommodated themselves to changes which have destroyed the larger species—they have fared better in the 'battle of life.'"

Of the descriptive portion of the two volumes which compose the present work, we may say that it embraces all the important genera of fishes, reptiles, batrachia, birds, and mammals. The author divides his subject into sections, which correspond to the portion of the frame under consideration: thus we find, first the skeletal characters dealt with, and then, in their proper order, the muscular, nervous, respiratory, circulatory, dental, digestive, secretory, and tegumentory systems, fully displayed. Taking each part separately, Professor Owen tells us of its microscopic and general features, and then shows how it becomes modified as it appears in the various members of the particular group under notice. Sub-sequently he traces out the history of the development of the entire animal. His method of dividing the vertebrate kingdom does not differ materially from that of J. Müller and other anatomists. He first splits it into two sections: the Hamato-crya, or cold-blooded vertebrates, including fishes, batrachia, and reptiles; and the Hamato-therma, or warm-blooded vertebrates, comprising birds and mammals. The first section he then subdivides into the following subclasses:—Dermopteri (Ammoccetes and Petromyzon), Teleostomi (ordinary fishes), Plagiostomi (sharks and rays), Dipnoa (amphibians, frogs, newts, &c.), and Monopnoa (true reptiles, serpents, lizards, &c.). The characters of these groups are minutely given, and will be apparent to our readers from their knowledge of the animals they include. The second volume is devoted to the birds and mammals. The former are arranged in accordance with the adopted classification, save that the old order, Incessores, becomes redistributed among two orders, the Volitores, or flying birds, and the Cantores, or singers. There is nothing strikingly remarkable about the author's discussion of the class, except his observations upon the extinct dodo. Our readers will remember that, many years since, Reinhart suggested that this bird should be placed among the pigeon family, and that, notwithstanding this, it was ranked by Professor Owen among the birds of prey. The author now reverses his former decision. A complete series of bones has enabled him to determine that "the extinct Didus and Pezophaps are most nearly allied to the columbaceous group of Rasores."

In dealing with the mammalia, the most noticeable feature in Professor Owen's observations is his partial retractation of his assertions regarding the position of the cerebrum in Quadrumana and the absence of a corpus callosum in Marsupialia. The latter is not so clear as the former, for, while he defines the Lyencephala (Marsupials) as having the cerebral hemispheres connected only by the "round" and "hippocampal commissure," thus not absolutely indicating whether a rudimentary corpus callosum be present or not, in the case of the monkeys he modifies his formerly-expressed views materially. In speaking of the characters of the human brain, he writes:—"Although in the highest Gyrencephala the cerebrum may extend over the cerebellum, in man not only do the cerebral hemispheres overlap the olfactory lobes and cerebellum, but they extend in advance of the one, and further back than the other."

As we have already said, Professor Owen's fine volumes form a standard English work which was long wanted, and, although they might have been more in keeping with recent research, and less painfully controversial in parts than they are, they constitute a most valuable addition to the department of science of which they treat.

THE FOOD SUPPLIES OF WESTERN EUROPE.*

the rinderpest; but well-informed people tell us that this is but the butcher's excuse for his exorbitant charges—that the disease has to do chiefly with our dairy produce, and can have little influence on the price of fed beasts for slaughter. They aver that the high prices are attributable chiefly to the mode in which the trade is carried on, employing so many and such greedy middle-men between the producer and the consumer; and they suggest that, if a few enterprising tradesmen or a well-organized public company were to start on the principle of small profits and quick returns, the trade in general could and would reduce their prices. This is probably true. Yet, if the rinderpest had ceased its ravages, and if beef and mutton were sold at just so much a pound as to include one fair profit instead of several exorbitant ones on the price which the farmer can afford to accept for the live animals, the question would only be put a little further back, and the difficulty of procuring beasts enough for slaughter would again prompt the inquiry—"Where shall we get meat?" Owing to the various improvements in modern agriculture, by which much human labour is dispensed with and processed. with, and greater encouragement is given to almost every other kind of work, the labouring classes have been gradually leaving the tillage of the soil, and congregating in towns, to prosecute various branches of manufacturing, mining, and commercial industry. Above one half—nearly three-fifths—of all the inhabitants of this island are now found in towns: a larger civic population in proportion to the rural than was ever known in the world before. These people must be fed; the food they consume must be raised in the rural districts; and carried to the towns, and the manure is in most cases lost. The scarcity of bread, otherwise inseparable from this increased demand and the diminished means of supplying it, has been prevented by the free admission of grain from other countries since the repeal of the Corn-laws in 1846; and thousands of acres which otherwise would have been carefully tilled have become mere pleasure-grounds, the luxury of millionaires, or at most pasture lands, which, however valuable for dairy purposes, are but little serviceable for supplying the meat markets. We are told that in our climate fat meat is necessary to keep up the temperature of the human system to the required height of 90°, and that cattle cannot deposit this fat in cold weather in the open air; hence no serviceable meat can be produced in England, during a great part of the year, except by stall-feeding. We do not fully admit the premises. It is undeniable, not only that our continental neighbours generally live without stall-fed meat, but that from generation to generation the hardy inhabitants of the northern Highlands and islands of Scotland have thriven on oatmeal, fish, and pasture-fed flesh. However, the civic population of England, which forms a large proportion of the whole, demands stall-fed meat at whatever price: it is, as the French express it, "for them a necessity;" and the question where they are to get it will not be abandoned without an effort to arrive at some solution.

The food required for stall-feeding is raised on the arable lands alternately with grain. Every one acquainted with the first rudiments of agricultural science knows that land is kept from deteriorating only by a rotation of crops, including one for man and one for beast alternately, with the manure returned to the soil. It is thus accounted for that our supplies of fat cattle are becoming alarmingly scanty. Whenever the cultivation of grain diminishes, so does the production of fodder. We have not felt the influence of this diminution on our bread supplies, nor may we for a long time, because we import immense quantities of grain from the fertile lands of Russia and America, which will probably long be able to bear the drain without exhaustion. If these lands were so near us that they could send flesh as well as wheat, doubtless they would be subjected to rotary crops for their own advantage and ours. But it cannot be. They go on exhausting their productive powers to give us what we are thankful to have—cheap bread; but we are compelled to raise the cry, "Where shall we get meat?"

Mr. Fisher, of Waterford, who has devoted much attention to political economy in its bearings on the rural population of Ireland, had a mind to inform himself of the agricultural condition of the neighbouring countries of Europe, chiefly France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. He desired to ascertain the influence of their laws of landholding and transmission on the produce of the soil, and whether there might be supplies of fat cattle from the regions that already furnish us largely with the produce of their dairies and poultry-yards. The little volume before us is a journal of his tour, written originally in the form of letters to the Morning Herald, and embracing a large amount of information, but in the somewhat undigested form incident to the manner in which it was first given to the public. Moreover, this information is mingled with a good deal of matter irrelevant to the point at issue; very proper if the book had purported to be notes of a tour through Western Europe, with a special view to its agricultural condition, but out of place when it professes to be a work on the question, "Where shall we get meat?" Whoever takes up such a book, does so with the view of studying this point, and does not need or desire the relief afforded by poetical quotations or digressions of a lighter character. We gather, however, that Mr. Fisher's answer to the question for which he bespeaks our attention is, in substance, this :- The neighbouring countries are not in a position to yield any supply nearly adequate to our demand; nor need England look abroad for such supplies if she will make the most of her own resources, especially in Ireland. We are led to infer, however, that this can be done only by restoring to the soil the labourers who have left it for more remunerative work. How are they to be induced? According to Mr.

[&]quot;Where shall we get meat?" The question is startling, and suggests another—"Are our supplies failing?" That meat is becoming dearer and dearer we all know to our sorrow. The masses accept the explanation that at least the last rise is due to

Where Shall We Get Meat? By Joseph Fisher. London: Longmans & Co.

Fisher, by a redistribution of the land, breaking it up into small farms, and making every husbandman the proprietor, to all intents

and purposes, of the ground he cultivates.

We greatly fear that the national and political proclivities of our author, so opposed to those which generally prevail in this country, will create a distrust concerning the facts which he adduces in support of his views. He loses no opportunity of extolling the Celtic race, and demonstrating its superiority, at least for all agricultural purposes, to that which has proved its conqueror. And he insists on finding everywhere an illustration of the principle that the land can only yield its due increase when divided into small properties of a few acres each, the ownership being vested in the cultivator. Lordly domains and large farms paying rent are, in his eyes, so many representations of cruel oppression and unlawful waste of what Providence intended for the use of all the sons of toil. Concerning this we forbear to say more than that, if we are to wait till Mr. Fisher's views of the true system of landholding be carried out, we fear it will be very long before we realize the answer to the question, "Where shall we get meat?"

NEW NOVELS.*

Mr. Yates has given us in "Land at Last" a very painful story, but one which has many merits, and which will, doubtless, meet with many readers. He has started with a good idea, and he has carried it out carefully and skilfully. We are inclined to think, however, that his original plan must have been modified during the progress of the story, and that a somewhat commonplace termination has been substituted for that which was at first sketched. The consequence is that the impression made upon the reader's mind by the terrible domestic tragedy which Mr. Yates brings vividly before him is half effaced by the conventional transformation-scene with which it ends, and in which everybody is made happy. For this, however, the exigencies of the novel market, and not the author's taste, are in all probability to be blamed.

The theme of the story is the overwhelming, unreasoning love of a simple-minded, warm-hearted man who has little knowledge of the world, and is so thoroughly true in his own nature that he is incapable of suspecting others. The object of his love is a woman who has no heart, and so small a brain that she cannot either reason aright concerning her own interests, and those of the persons with whom she is brought into contact, or carry out the feeble resolutions which, at intervals, she makes. The man is represented in a very favourable light, the woman in the most unfavourable. He is brave, generous, and good, adored by his relatives, beloved by his friends-an artist, advancing fast on the road to fame, blest with strength, health, and spirits, and everything that could be desired, except decision of character. She is destitute of almost all the charms which, in ordinary cases, make women attractive; her hair is red, her face scarcely ever has a particle of colour in it, and her character does not possess a single good feature. Such is the woman whom Geoffrey Ludlow, the unfortunate hero of the tale, finds, one night, perishing from cold and hunger in the streets, and with whom, after he has saved her from that terrible fate, he falls desperately in love. Such things do occur in real life, and we cannot well find fault with Mr. Yates for making his hero yield so rapidly to the influence of Margaret's "violet eyes" and "dead-gold hair" and "pallid face;" but we think he might have made that lady a little less disagreeable in character. He tells us that "she had the nature of a fiend," and we are bound to believe him, as far as she is concerned; but we find it difficult to accept his account of Ludlow's feelings towards her. In spite of every warning, even after she has told him that she had been living as the mistress of a man who had, after a time, deserted her, he insists upon marrying her. She accepts him, and, at first, tries to be a good wife. He is more than content—he is enraptured, and imagines that all is to go well with him for ever. His pictures sell, his home is comfortable; a child is born, and all the sky looks bright. But while he is in paradise his ill-matched wife finds herself at least in purgatory. The quiet repose of her new home is totally unsuited to her restless and capricious nature; the respectability of her life becomes an absolute vance to her; she loathes the days devoid of excitement, the dull, domestic evenings which she is obliged to endure; she tries hard to love her husband and to do her duty in the unaccustomed sphere in which she is placed, but she cannot succeed. For a time she conceals the failure, but before long it grows apparent even to Ludlow's unsuspicious eyes, as her old vagabond tastes recover their former power, her recollections of the joyous Bohemian life of other days become more vivid and tantalizing, and the genuine baseness of her nature asserts itself, in spite of the restraint which, under the influence of a transient better feeling, she had put upon it. Ludlow's dream of happiness gradually loses its brilliant colours, and at last comes a fatal shock, under which it vanishes outright. Up to this point the story has been admirably told. Ludlow's honest love and mistaken trust, as well as Margaret's attempts to be good, and the dreariness of her uncongenial domes-

ticity, are well and simply told; but, in the scenes which follow, a thoroughly melodramatic element makes itself perceptible, the language becomes stilted and unnatural, and we recognise on the author's part an amount of effort which does not always produce a corresponding success. It seems that Margaret had really been married to the man with whom, in defiance of all probability, she told Ludlow she had lived as a mistress. He had deserted her and disappeared. Suddenly he comes back again on the stage, and is seen by her. Immediately all her old passion for him returns, and she determines to leave Ludlow and go back to her first love. We have two powerful scenes, in the first of which she takes leave of her second husband, almost killing him by her undisguised scorn and brutal cynicism, while in the second her first husband treats her exactly as she has just treated his successor. There is power in the description of the two interviews, but there is a want of reality about at least the first. Margaret's speeches are far too declamatory, her sentences much too neatly turned. Such phrases as-" I could bear to sit here, to drone out the dull monotonous life, striving to condone the vagrancy of my thoughts by the propriety of my conduct;" and, "Go I must and will. You could as soon hold a hurricane by force, or a wave of the sea by entreaty"—may suit the description that "out of Geoffrey Ludlow's hands came, raised up suddenly, a dead white face, with puckered line but however and add red street and lips, knit brows, and odd red streaks and indentations round the eyes;" but they are such as many a romancer who has not half the power which Mr. Yates possesses might have hesitated about. If the catastrophe had been more patiently worked out, and the succeeding chapters omitted, the story might really have been a striking work of art. The aristocratic element in it is tedious, and seems utterly incongruous. One of the noble personages is evidently sketched from the life, and is to a certain extent real; but it is as a real commoner burdened with a decidedly fictitious coronet. Mr. Yates has probably been struck by the violent contrast which the artistic offers to the aristocratic world, and has availed himself of it for the sake of effect; but, as the generality of his readers cannot be supposed to enjoy the intimacy of earls, the correctness of his delineations is to a great extent thrown away upon them. But, whatever may be the merits of his noblemen, there can be no doubt about the excellence of his painters. Mr. Yates is an accurate observer, and he has a good share of humour. What he has really seen he describes admirably, and nothing could be better than such a sketch as he has given of the artists' meeting in the chapter entitled "The Brethren of the Brush." This alone would well reward the reader, if he found nothing else to please in the story; but there is no chance of such a fate befalling him. No one can fail to be interested in "Land at Last," or to recognise its real merits. It is not as good as it might have been, and we hope to receive a better-a really artistic work-from Mr. Yates's hands before long; but, for all that, it is a good novel, and one that is thoroughly readable.

In "Cerise," Mr. Whyte Melville has ventured upon different ground from that which he generally occupies, transferring his sporting gentlemen and coquettish ladies from the present century to that which preceded it, and from the soil of England to that of France. The first volume of his new work is full of scenes resembling those with which the elder Dumas has made us so familiarluxurious palace chambers, peopled by the dissolute courtiers of the Regency, and guardrooms enlivened by the discourse of audacious musketeers. There is the lovely lady who destroys her rival's complexion by means of a poisoned bouquet; there is the sceptical abbe, whose intrigues are perpetually disturbing the balance of power in Europe; and there is the soldier of fortune with the wellknown sinews of steel beneath a satin skin, who kills an antagonist and wins a heart with equal certainty and composure. In one respect Mr. Whyte Melville's characters are superior to those of Dumas, inasmuch as they are perfectly decorous in their sayings and doings, at all events while they are in the presence of the reader; but that is the single ground on which they can rest a claim for precedence, for the life, the spirit, the humour, which enliven the Frenchman's creations, have not in all cases been infused into the characters of the English novelist. The story abounds in improbable situations and strange concidences; but with these we have no particular inclination to quarrel, especially as the tone is thoroughly good, and the moral utterly unimpeachable. Its weakest point appears to be the attempt to depict a Jesuit of singular astuteness-an intellectual villain, who possesses all accomplishments and sums up all knowledge in himself, and who yet behaves with the most incredible folly when it is demanded by the exigencies of the third volume. The plot is simple enough. Cerise is a young French lady of rank, who loves and is loved by George Hamilton, the companion of her youth, and a captain of musketeers. A quarrel with the Regent drives the captain from Paris, and he becomes the commander of a privateer. During one of his cruises, he rescues his love, who had retired to the West Indies, from a band of revolted negroes, and thus fairly wins her hand. The marriage service is performed by a shipmate, who had been a fellow musketeer in former days, and who had originally been a priest and a Jesuit, as well as a desperate admirer of Cerise. When it is added that the mother of Cerise is madly enamoured of the man who is converted in her presence into her son-in-law, it will be seen that the position in the chapel when the wedding ceremony is performed is not likely to be wanting in sensation. In the third volume, Cerise and her husband, the latter having become a wealthy baronet, appear in England as man and wife, and a misunderstanding springs up between them which givesrise to some of the best chapters in the story, leading up to a

^{*} Land at Last, By Edmund Yates. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall. Cerise. A Tale of the Last Century. By G. J. Whyte Melville. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

Unconventional. By Thomas Sutton, B.A., Editor of "Photographic Notes," &c. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

The Maitlands. A Tale of the Day. By the Author of "Three Opportunities."

Three vols. London: Newby.

Miss Crosby's Matchmaking. Edited by Maine O'Hars. London: Beeton.

striking and dramatic termination. On the whole, there is much eleverness evinced in Mr. Whyte Melville's new novel; but it is not as spirited and original as many of its predecessors have been

not as spirited and original as many of its predecessors have been. Mr. Sutton's "Unconventional" is certainly a strange story, and one which deals with personages by whom the conventionalities of life are systematically disregarded. Most prominent among them is a strange being, Xenosthes by name, sometimes described as a Greek, sometimes as a Jew, who plays at various times the parts of a millionaire, and thinks nothing of giving away £20,000 in a morning,—a sensualist who revels in every kind of vice,-a sentimentalist who is actuated by the most generous impulses,-a savage who shoots at visitors and poisons his enemies,-and an enthusiastic worshipper of every species of art. We are first introduced to him in his luxurious hermitage a little removed from Cambridge, where he gives himself up to painting and photography, and is waited on by a footman who has been a celebrated pugilist, a cook who was formerly a French marquis, and two female attendants, both of noble birth and infamous character. Then we meet him on board his yacht, the fastest in the world, in which he haunts the waters of the glowing East, and puts a girdle round the earth in the shortest possible space of time; and, finally, we are initiated into the mysteries of his gloomy castle in France, with its vaults and trap-doors, its unpleasant inhabitants, and its abominable reputation. In all that relates to this singular personage the story sets probability at defiance, and that part of it in which he figures is scarcely worth criticizing, except as an extravagant kind of fairy tale. It is lively and spirited, and, nonsense though it be, it is not without interest; but it resembles a clever man's nightmare more than anything else. Some of the chapters from which Xenosthes is excluded can boast of more genuine merit, especially those at the commencement of the story in which the heroine plays a part. Nelly May is a sweet little creature, and Mr. Sutton has drawn a very pretty picture of her in the days of her childhood, and of her secluded island home. If it were only for the sake of the first half of the first volume, the book would be worth reading, in spite of its Greco-Jewish hero, and its other manifold absurdities. We may add that Mr. Sutton has inserted in its pages a considerable number of "photographic

From the family chronicle of "The Maitlands," readers of expensive habits and insolvent proclivities may learn a useful lesson. The book belongs to the class of stories with a moral, of tales with a purpose. Each chapter is a homily, every volume contains a world of good advice. The strictest parent might rejoice to see his daughter poring over its pages; the most uncompromising enemy of sensational romance might regard it with approbation. Mr. Maitland is an improvident merchant, who runs through a splendid fortune, and is reduced to bankruptcy and the antipodes. His son, who is a hereditary spendthrift, and his younger daughter, whose mind is set on dress and admiration, suffer greatly from their change of circumstances; but his angelic wife and faultless elder daughter issue triumphantly from their trial, their characters shining with brighter lustre amid the gloom in which they are for a time involved.

The history of "Miss Crosby's Matchmaking" is told by Miss O'Hara in a style which unites the sentimental with the facetious. Miss Crosby is an old lady who finds two successive husbands for a young lady of her acquaintance, and who, in relating her successes, is evidently of opinion that she has a talent for funny writing. So harmless a delusion there can be no necessity for dispelling.

AN ESSAY ON HUMAN NATURE.*

THE object of Dr. Boase's present treatise is to show "the necessity of a Divine revelation for the perfect development of man's capacities." The author has evidently read much, thought much, originated much, and mistaken much, in his laudable endeavours to substantiate his thesis; and, though justice denies him the merit of great success in this work, we are bound to assign him no inconsiderable credit for very much that is sound in reasoning, and well calculated to stop the mouths of men who seek to justify their infidelity by setting the works of God against the Word of God. The book, however, has two very serious faults: its style is deficient in clearness of expression, and its arrangement is embarrassed and perplexed, from want of method and order. Such characteristics would be bad in a work of any kind, but nowhere are they so dangerous as in works of a logical aim, because language is not only the ordinary vehicle but the very body of thought, and it becomes of prime importance that the right word should be in the right place. As a visible embodiment of our conceptions, it is also of importance to maintain a close and visible unity and sequence in the arrangement of the distinct parts of an argument, and so to preserve the mental vision from the distraction and confusion inevitable in endeavouring to follow a dark and intricate line of argument. We must notice another defect of a different kind, though far more venial. We allude to the arrogant tone that pervades the volume from its preface to its close. The author is very keenly alive to his own powers, very confident of his own views, very sanguine of his own success, very haughty in the assertion of his own originality, and very little affected with a deep sense of veneration for the greatest thinker and the greatest

poet England ever produced. We smiled when we came upon such language as this:—

"In the contemplation of this excellence, our great dramatist exclaims, 'What a piece of workmanship is man! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! In form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!' This is beautifully expressed, perhaps rather pompously, but not unsuitably to time and place."

The above is on a par with the nonchalance with which Dr. Boase sets aside Bishop Butler's view of "conscience as the highest authority in human nature," and classifies this monarch of moral thinkers among those who "have written much concerning the nature of conscience which is more fanciful than true." As a specimen of his originality, we would refer to his views of the "will," and of "natural phenomena," which are very ably expressed, though the writer's powers at times take a questionable direction, as in his comments on the cherubim at the gate of Paradise.

The early portion of Dr. Boase's book dwells upon man as a material being, and the latter portion on his spiritual nature. We confess our inability to comprehend "the new version of the book of Nature" which he unfolds, though we do comprehend the simple naïveté of a man who tells us that "his theory" will meet this "difficulty," and "offers a solution of this perplexing problem, which, if it be not the true solution, is sufficiently plausible to merit consideration." Let us take a few lines out of his "new version of the book of Nature." "Chemical substances," he says, "partake of the permanent and quantitive characters which belong to the weight of matter, and of which physical attraction is the cause: whereas organized beings are variable in their condition, continually presenting a change of qualities, which points out the relation of living forces to universal repulsion, a fluctuating quantity, and the energetic promoter of physical changes. Vital powers may be, therefore, regarded as species of the genus repulsion." Our oracle, like those of old, is sadly mysterious in his highest utterances. There are, however, many passages of sterling excellence, which reflect great credit on our author's knowledge of his subject, and on his power to discuss it with real profit to those interested in such questions.

In the chapter entitled "The Sacred Record of Creation a Teacher of Faith in God," we have some very able reasoning in support of Professor Phillips's views, based on the fact that the ancient organisms and beings revealed to us by geology all belong to the same types as the present system of organization, clearly manifesting thereby the workmanship of the same Intelligence. With equal ability, in the same chapter, does our author expose the unscientific and unwarranted character of Darwin's theory of development. He points out that every creature during its growth undergoes a gradual development of all its capacities, however numerous and complicated these may be; that all such changes, whether in the ordinary course of nature, or in the modifying circumstances occasioned by man's interference, never transcend the creature's peculiar constitution; that there is not a single instance on record of one kind of creature being changed into another, so that the assumption of universal development is a bare assertion, ignored by science and unwarranted by facts. Taking higher grounds, he shows the danger of Darwin's theory to sound views of Divine Providence. He maintains that the notion that in the beginning all things were made simultaneously and instantaneously, involved within one primordial germ, to be developed in successive ages, and by successive stages, under favourable circumstances, is virtually a rejection of a superintending Providence over all, which God has declared to belong to Himself; that a universe thus complete in itself, and abandoned to the operation of invariable laws, would be but little removed from fatalism; that its tendency is to ignore the freedom of intelligent beings, to make man a mere machine impelled by motives, incapable of self-control, and consequently free from all responsibility, thus sapping the foundation of social and religious subordination, and proving itself

inconsistent with our daily experience. It would be unjust to the candour of our author not to mention his ready acquiescence in what he considers substantially true in e views of Dr. Colenso, and others of the same sceptical school. Occasionally, though not often, an attempt is made at reconciliation, which, it is needless to say, invariably comes to nothing. In admitting the probability, as established by geology, that there were other creations antecedent to the Mosaic, he finds "an interesting, though perhaps not a legitimate, coincidence" of this in the following passage from the Psalms:—"Thou takest away their breath: they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit: they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth." We cannot protest too much against the suicidal madness and precipitancy of the reconciling school of divines. They have done much to lower the tone and weaken the sinew of honest discussion and religious candour in the country. By endeavouring at any sacrifice to bridge over apparent chasms, they have buried principles of real value. For a hollow truce between faith and science, they have sacrificed their allegiance to right reason; for a temporary and doubtful settlement of difficulties, they have surrendered just so much of the eternal verities of inspiration, and just so much of the present truths of science, as will accommodate matters to a compromising conscience. contend that consciences should be unbiassed, unwarped, and untampered with in the reception of all truth, Divine and human; and when the teachings of earth seem to clash with the teachings of Heaven, we should extend our researches, and wait with confidence

^{*} An Essay on Human Nature. By Henry S. Boase, M.D., &c. London: Longmans & Co.

and patience for the true reconcilation which must come in the end, from a conviction that God's works cannot in themselves contradict God's Word. It is wrong to twist the meaning of the Bible to the supposed and presumed demands of science; and it is wrong to sacrifice our faith in a religion so miraculous in its rise, its growth, and permanence-so necessary to man's moral nature and happiness, so venerable for its age and authority—for the theories of to-day, and the teaching of fallible man on one particular line of thought, which lies beyond the bounds of exact and fully-established science. In sciences of an exact character, based on verified and ascertained principles, we have no conflict with the views of revelation. The weapons of the sceptic are chiefly furnished by geology—a study yet in its infancy. The history of geology is but the history of geology is from the over the history of speculation. Struggling and staggering from theory to theory of the most opposite character, without the elements and principles of a science, it has sought to be recognised as such, and at times arrogates to itself the authority and the dogmatism of even the most precise sciences. To us, however, the history of geology teaches this all-important lesson, so well calculated to suspend the rash judgment that would pronounce against the Divine record from a hasty observation of the Divine creation—that the more geology is verified by facts, and the more its principles become exact and scientific in their development, just in the same proportion does it renounce its antagonism to faith, and rather tends to corroborate the truths of the Bible; and then we find men like Hugh Miller, and Professors Phillips and Sedgwick, wielding in defence of Christianity the very weapons which rash hands had wielded for its subversion.

CHRONOLOGICAL THEORIZING.*

No science has led to so many illusive results as chronology. The authorities are conflicting. Numbers seem to lend themselves with a fatal facility to the formation of systems. A system once formed may be seen, by any one but its ingenious constructor, to be impossible, however plausible. He will certainly stand by it. A conclusive alibi destroys any amount of circumstantial evidence. This is plain enough to lookers on; but the painstaking collector does not see why his long accumulation should be set aside by a rough and ready method, often requiring neither learning nor argument, only common sense. Chronologers have begun to find out the dangers of the old method. The severe system of Fynes Clinton and Ideler has been extended from the classical province, which was more properly theirs, into the regions of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian chronology. Rash manipulators, like Bunsen, have indeed indulged in the old freedom in handling figures, and almost all writers have spoken with undue certainty of the results they have attained as to the earliest periods. Yet, on the whole, the more sober method, which relies mainly upon monuments and contemporary history, is gaining ground, and the abundant failures of their predecessors are taken as a caution by the present generation of students. That must be slippery ground where so many have fallen.

The Rev. Franke Parker is not of this opinion. He firmly treads where other men have stumbled, and without a suspicion that the ground is insecure. The work before us is the latest result of chronological theories, the principal fruits of which have been already published in the author's volume on chronology. In the preface of the former we are told what led to this enterprise. The author was convinced of the truth of Daniel's prophecy of the seventy weeks, and that it must have been fulfilled in our Saviour's coming: But he found that it was irreconcilable with the common chronology, and at once set to work to put that chronology right. We do not in the least question the correctness of his conviction as to the prophecy and its fulfilment: we cordially share it. But when he concludes that the common chronology, because he cannot reconcile it with the prophecy, must be wrong, we think he is on dangerous ground. Is he perfectly sure that he has explained the prophecy right? Are Daniel's years common years? Is there nothing to be done before he sets forth to square chronology with prophecy? Even were the alleged difficulty insuperable to us, we should prefer leaving it for the present. It would be far more satisfactory should chronology be set right without the evidence of prophecy, for then we should have an undesigned coincidence. But we return to the previous stage.

It is generally agreed that the Jews were acquainted with a year of 360 days, besides that lunar year intercalated to keep the festivals to the proper seasons, which they undoubtedly used. The prophets seem to make use of the former year. Thus we find $1+2+\frac{1}{2}$ years = 1,260 days, and 42 months = 1,260 days. It may be well to apply this year by way of experiment to Daniel's prophecy. Seventy weeks of years, or 490 years of 360 days, are nearly equal to 483 Julian years. The prophecy may most reasonably be supposed to date from the decree of Artaxerxes Longimanus, B.C. 445. In this case it would close in A.D. 38, a date which most remarkably agrees with the details of the prophecy. The only difficulty in this arrangement is the division of the period at the end of the seventh week, for which there is no corresponding event but the probable date of the close of the Old Testament Canon about that time. This view may be made more clear by a tabular statement :-

Decree to restore Jerusalem	B.C. 445 Decree of Artaxerxes.
Seven weeks 49 years— Sixty-two weeks 427 years+	397
Messiah One week 7 years 1 Messiah cut off. He causes 3 sacrifice to cease in the cir. 4 midst of the week 6 7	A.D. 32 33 Crucifixion. 34 35 36 37 38

The agreement here is so close, that a student may well pause before holding that the prophecy and the ordinary dates are irreconcileable. Mr. Parker thinks differently, and has thrown the reign of Artaxerxes twenty years earlier than the ordinary reckoning. Had he consulted the current works on Egyptian and Babylonian chronology—Lepsius's "Königsbuch," for instance—he would have seen his theory to be untenable. The chronology of the Persians and Greeks, from the accession of Nebuchadnezzar to Alexander, is as well ascertained as that of the ancient world from Alexander downwards.

Mr. Parker has discussed this subject with much learning, not hesitating to admit and defend the effect of his views upon Greek chronology. Here he has been already met by Dr. Hincks, who will, we hope, end by convincing him that his views are wholly untenable. It is a pity that great scholarship, considerable acuteness, and earnest conviction, should be unaccompanied by critical skill, and so fail to produce any permanent result.

THE AMERICAN WAR.*

As Mr. Stacke himself observes, in the preface to his neat and useful volume, the time has not yet arrived when anything like a complete or standard history of the American civil war could possibly be written. We are too close to the events-we have been ourselves too much mixed up with them, either as partisans or observers—to see them in their wholeness or their true relative bearing. Those who have been in any way engaged in a struggle—and it may be said that the whole civilized world was in a certain sense concerned in the contest which so recently devastated the United States-are the least fitted for estimating its character, or even, in all respects, correctly describing its events. Their several accounts are useful as testimony, but they want the final judgment to be pronounced by some philosophical historian in future days. He only can see calmly in mass what we see confusedly in detail, and for him we must wait in the fulness of time. At present, as regards the American convulsion, the passions of men are too much inflamed to leave their judgments free. The sources of our information are not yet sufficiently sifted from the adulterations of opinion to enable us to depend with confidence on contemporary records of the war; and, it may be added, many of the chief sources of information have not yet been opened. General Lee has not given to the world his promised Memoirs; and many other personal narratives and State documents will doubtless be added in time to the materials we now possess. It is remarkable to see how, with regard to our own civil war of the seventeenth century, we have but recently received fresh particulars which have caused us to modify considerably our judgments of some of the principal actors. This will not, in all likelihood, be equally the case with the American war of 1861-5. The means of publicity are now so much greater than they were, even fifty years ago, to say nothing of more than two hundred years ago, that facts are sure to leak out with much greater celerity than they did. But the last echoes of the great struggle of North and South have hardly died away, and we have assuredly not yet got at all the secret history of that tremendous conflict of opposing principles. Twenty or thirty years hence, we shall be in a very different position.

In the meanwhile, however, some condensed record of the events occurring between the first election of Mr. Lincoln and the succession to the Presidency of Mr. Andrew Johnson on the murder of his chief, is very much needed as an aid to the memory, and as a contribution-if only a temporary contribution-to the library shelves. We all wish at times to glance back at those complicated operations, those numerous battles and sieges, those strange fluctuations of good and evil fortune, which marked the progress of the war. Newspapers are unmanageable, and not easily accessible, and one's memory is sometimes treacherous. Mr. Stacke has therefore come forward to supply a want, and we think he has supplied it well. His style is unpretending and easy, his arrangement of facts clear and straightforward, and his matter not overlaid with comments. He has consulted as his authorities the huge "Rebellion Record" of Putnam; Mr. W. H. Russell's "Diary, North and South;" Colonel Fletcher's and Mr. Pollard's volumes on the war; Dabney's "Life of Stonewall Jackson;" Captain Chesney's "Campaigns of Maryland and Virginia;" Colonel Fremantle's narrative of the Gettysburg campaign; Major Nichols's "Story of the Great March;" and various American biographies of the leading soldiers and sailors. The materials thus

^{*} A Light Thrown upon Thucydides, to Illustrate the Prophecy of Daniel as to the Coming of the Messiah, &c. By Franke Parker, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate.

^{*} The Story of the American War. 1861-65. By Henry Stacke. With a Map illustrating the Battle-fields. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

obtained have been concentrated within a readable and convenient compass, though we should have been glad to see a more ample account of the antecedents and causes of the rupture. We will not say that the author is entirely without opinions; but we cannot accuse him of being a partisan. He seems sincerely desirous of doing justice to the courage and constancy of both Federals and Confederates, and he points out, fairly enough, the errors committed by each. On the whole, however, his leaning is certainly towards the North, though not passionately so. If he were an American, he would probably be a moderate Democrat, resolved to support the Union, yet not very well inclined towards the extreme Abolitionists. At the same time, he speaks, in some respects, very well of the negroes, and defends them from the charge of ferocity. The spirit in which he has written is, perhaps, best expressed in the final words of his book:—

"It has been my object to do justice to the conduct of the South while expressing some sympathy with the cause of the North. Anxiously as I wished, in the interests of both South and North, to see the Union restored and slavery abolished, I have always admired the gallantry with which the enemies of the Union fought—the shining qualities of Stonewall Jackson, the unselfish heroism of Lee. Nor should one's admiration of the South cease now that the war is over. The spirit in which they have received their inevitable overthrow, their courageous recognition of the consequences, their manly acceptance of the decision of the sword—all show them to be one of the finest races on the face of the globe. Hand-in-hand with their late foes, they will yet advance towards increasing the prosperity and securing the liberties of their country, and thus give the world an additional assurance that—'Government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

A chronological table, an index, and a map, are added to Mr. Stacke's volume.

PAMPHLETS.

WE have to acknowledge, and briefly describe, a large number of pamphlets which have accumulated on our table. They divide themselves into four sections, relating to clerical matters, Irish affairs, politics, and miscellaneous topics; and these we shall take in their order.

"A Country Rector" addresses A Letter to the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., on what he describes as "the unjust and mischievous operation of the Union Assessment Committee Act of 1862" (Rivingtons). The pamphlet contains a report of two cases of appeal, and suggestions for the amendment of the Act; but the subject is too complicated for us to do more than refer such of our readers as are interested in the question to the detailed statements put forward by the reverend objector. Mr. Benjamin Shaw, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, publishes A Reply to Certain Strictures on a Pamphlet, entitled "A Brief Inquiry into the Law of the Church of England with Respect to Private Confession" (Rivingtons). The pamphlet thus described was originally published about seven or eight years ago, when the practices of the Rev. Mr. Poole drew great attention to the question how far confession was permissible in the Church of England. This production was reprinted last summer, in consequence of the excitement of the public mind caused by the confession of Constance Kent; and it was then severely criticised by the Church Review, and in one or two works of clerical origin. Mr. Shaw now returns to the charge, defends his original statements and arguments, and affirms "that auricular confession—meaning thereby the practice previous to the Reformation, as then carried on under certain well-known canonical rules—is repudiated; and consequently that in the cases where private confession is permitted, it is not to be deemed that the ancient canonical rules are, as a matter of course, to be imported into the question, but that guidance is rather to be sought from the spirit and tenor of the Prayer Book and Homilies." Wherewithal Shall we be Clothed? A Second Letter on Rite and Ceremony to a Friend in Town (Dorrell & Son) is the name of a little publication having reference to the vexed question of ritualistic observances. From the Rev. Hibbert Newton, M.A., Officiating Minister of St. Michael's, Lant-street, Southwark, we have received a discourse with the bewilderingly comprehensive title of Hints on Patronage and Liberation for Church and Dissent; the Scarcity of Curates, and Why; Priests and No Presbytery; Deacons and No Diaconate; Fundamental Principles for Church Reform; the Time of Trouble, and the Church of the Future (Macintosh). Such a clerical Don Quixote as Mr. Newton appears to be, we think it safest not to encounter, and therefore pass on to The Churchand-State Handy Book, compiled by George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., of the Inner Temple, and issued by the same publisher. The object of this work is to furnish politicians and ecclesiastics with arguments in support of the observance of the Sabbath, and of the maintenance of the Established Church as a State institution, as well as against the assumptions of the Papacy. In that part of the pamphlet which has reference to the union of Church and State, some quotations are made from Dissenting divines, with respect to the position and character of the Church of England, which are certainly not in good taste; but the style adopted by Mr. Chambers himself is as bad. His tone towards the Nonconformists is most offensive and insolent. When alluding to any of their ministers, he always puts the prefix, " Rev.,' and the affix, "D.D." in inverted commas, as a sneering hint that he regards each as a pretence; and the Christian's Penny Magazine is accused, on very insufficient grounds, of publishing "blas-phemy of the vilest kind" (which words, as if that could in any way increase their force, Mr. Chambers prints in large capitals), and of being "worthy of standing side by side with Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and the many blasphemous works of Voltaire, Hone, Holyoake, and other Atheists of their stamp." If he were not in such a passion, Mr. Chambers would perhaps be aware that neither Voltaire nor Tom Paine was an Atheist, but, on the contrary,

expressly protested against Atheism, and that Hone died a Christian. But the author of the "Handy Book" is a mere partisan, and we accordingly commend his production to the waste-paper basket, for

which it is chiefly fitted.

Several of the Irish pamphlets also have reference to Church matters. The first we take up is entitled Work and its Reward in the Irish Church, by the Rev. Philip Dwyer, A.B., Vicar of Drumoliffe, &c., Diocese of Killaloe (Hodges, Smith, & Co., Dublin). The vicar contends that, in more than half the 1,510 Irish livings, the work of the clarge is fairly represented, that, in the residue of livings the deficit clergy is fairly remunerated; that, in the residue of livings, the deficit in certain cases swallows up the overplus in others; that there is a case for readjustment, but only for partial readjustment; and that there is no ground for appropriation clauses, or for confiscation. Into Mr. Dwyer's conclusions we will not here enter; but we may observe, in passing, that he, like Mr. G. F. Chambers, writes in a violent and bigoted tone. The Rev. Mr. Alfred T. Lee's Facts respecting the Present State of the Church in Ireland (Rivingtons, London, and Hodges, Smith, & Co., Dublin), is also a defence of the Irish Church, and is now in its fifth edition; while from the same gentleman we have a reprint of a recent letter to the Times, under the title of The Ecclesiastical Settlement of Ireland (Same Publishers). The Very Rev. William Atkins, D.D., Dean of Ferns, publishes A Sermon on the Irish Education Question, preached in the parish church of St. Bride's, on the 21st of January, 1866 (Hodges, Smith, & Co., Dublin). The discourse is a defence of the National School system, by which children of different religious denominations are educated together, the parents of each child being at liberty to determine in what faith the child shall be brought up, and to withdraw him or her from any religious instruction of which they disapprove. "The National Schools," says the dean, "increased by 171 last year, and by over 38,000 scholars. The Church Education schools show a decrease of 19 schools and of 570 scholars." The National system at present educates about two-thirds of the population—that is to say, 870,401 children. Mr. James Lowry Whittle, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin, issues a second edition of his pamphlet, Freedom of Education: What it Means (Hodges, Smith, & Co.), in which he opposes the Government project of giving some species of State support to the Catholic University of Ireland; and in Ireland and her Servile War (Ridgway), Colonel Adair, F.R.S., author of "The Winter of 1846-7 in Antrim," exhorts us, in rather spasmodic phraseology, to reform Irish abuses, especially those connected with the land.

The new Reform Bill has drawn from Mr. R. Dudley Baxter, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, a pamphlet which he calls, The Franchise Returns Critically Examined, with a Table of the Future Constituency, and Proportion of the Working Classes in each Borough (Stanford). Mr. Baxter takes a view adverse to the Government scheme, and alleges that, as it is, the working classes possess in the English and Welsh boroughs, absolute majorities in the election of fourteen members, nearly majorities in the election of thirty-five members, onethird to two-fifths of the votes for sixty-eight members, and twentyseven per cent. of the total number of electors; that the enfranchisement of 144,000 £7 to £10 occupiers will give to the working classes so large an increase that a very moderate further increase would give them a clear majority of the total borough members; "that the returns on which the calculation of 144,000 is founded are inaccurate and below the actual numbers; and that the effect of the 60,000 compound householders and non-ratepayers has also to be added to the result indicated in the second conclusion: hence a probability that an immediate majority of borough members may be returned by the working classes." Even, however, if Mr. Baxter's calculations be correct, he puts out of view the county members, who would certainly not be the creatures of working class votes; and these, combined with the minority of the borough members (probably a very large minority), would surely be counterpoise sufficient to the dreaded influence. Another pamphlet on the same subject, entitled Parliamentary Reform considered as a Question of Principle and not of Party (Ridgway), is dedicated by permission to Earl Grey by the author, Edward J. Gibbs, M.A. The writer is opposed to the admission of mere numbers, is not friendly to the working classes, and is disposed to require, as qualifications for the suffrage, a decent amount of education, and the payment of a certain proportion of rates and taxes. He is apparently one of those gentlemen who invent elaborate theories to avoid the concession of

any reform at all. Mr. Francis D. Longe, Barrister-at-Law, undertakes A Refutation of the Wage-Fund Theory of Modern Political Economy, as enunciated by Mr. Mill, M.P., and Mr. Fawcett, M.P. (Longmans & Co.), in which he asserts the falseness of that theory on the grounds that "the capital or wealth applicable to the payment of the wages any time or during any per of labour in a country, at consist of a definite fund distinct from its general wealth, nor of a fund which is 'destined' for the purchase of labour;" that " the dependent or labouring population in a country, at any time or during any period, does not constitute a supply of labour or body of labourers among whom the aggregate wage-fund or capital of a country could be distributed by competition;" and that "the supposition that such wagefund would be all distributed among the labourers of a country (if they could be treated as 'general' labourers, capable of competing with each other) by the competition of the buyers and sellers of labour, if allowed free operation, involves an erroneous notion of the demand and supply principle." We give Mr. Longe's positions in his own words, referring the reader to his pamphlet for such an elucidation as he may be able to discover of what, as stated above, we do not find very clear. Lastly, to Mr. Thomas Rawlings, F.R.G.S., author of "America from the Atlantic to the Pacific," we are indebted for a discussion of the Hudson's Bay question, to which he gives the title of What shall we do with the Hudson's Bay Territory? Colonize the "Fertile Belt," which contains Forty Millions of Acres (A. H. Baily). The author maintains that the territory in question is a great and valuable possession, and that "it would be an absurdity to sell or make it over to Canada, or to suffer Canada to have anything to do with it." He wants to see the "fertile belt" peopled from the Red River settlements to the base of the Rocky

Mountains, and the advantages of prairie-farming brought for the first time to British colonists. "The Hudson's Bay Company," he says, "have only to be aroused from the deep sleep of ages, and the thing is done. Forthwith the Minnesota Stage-Coach Company will turn their cattle towards the Saskatchewan, and in time the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad will follow in the footsteps of the pioneers. I disavow antagonism to the North Pacific Railroad and to the Union Pacific Railroad; the period is not distant when the continent of America will be crossed throughout by a dozen railroads. My approval and preference for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad rest on my acquaintance with the ground it will traverse, my knowledge of the climate, and my conviction that the fullest measure of prosperity awaits the settlers at the Red River settlements, and beyond."

SHORT NOTICES.

Lays of the English Cavaliers. By John J. Daniell, Perpetual Curate of Langley Fitzurse, Wilts. (James Parker & Co.)—Mr. Daniell seems desirous of emulating the celebrated work of Mr. Edmonstoune Aytoun, and doing the same service for the English Cavaliers that the late Edinburgh Professor did for those of Scotland. He is not likely to achieve an equal success, since he has nothing of the lyrical fervour, and strong if obvious picturesqueness, of Aytoun's genius. Whatever one's political sympathies may be, it cannot be denied that some spirit-stirring ballads might be made out of the doings of Royalist nobles and their followers during the great civil war of the seventeenth century, and out of those of the Roundhead troopers also. In future ages, the deeds of Garibaldians in Italy, and the touching and heroic incidents of the late struggle in America, will doubtless offer subjects for many admirable poems; for wherever great principles are concerned, there will the ultimate and lasting flower of beauty and nobleness issue out of the mire and reek even of fratricidal slaughter. It is therefore not because we have no sympathy with the class of opinions embodied in Mr. Daniell's poems that we regard them as failures. Disagreeing as we do most heartily with the leading principles of the Cavalier party, we are yet quite ready to admit that there was chivalry enough, courage enough, selfdevotion enough, on the Royalist side, to kindle at the touch of poetry into something very fascinating and beautiful. But Mr. Daniell does not seem to us to possess either the lyrical or the dramatic power to inspire the subject he has chosen with life and motion, and to wring even from dissentients that sympathy on grounds of art which they refuse on grounds of principle. Mr. Thornbury has written some Cavalier lays which sting the blood like martial music, and bring the very life of the times back to us out of the dust and greyness of the past; but the present writer has no such art. We simply feel that we are in the presence of a Tory High Churchman, who, from Clarendon and other writers, has compiled, in respectable verse, a highlycoloured, partisan account of some of the incidents of the English civil war. We miss the strength and pathos of a true poet's touch, and are conscious of little more than the politician and the scholar. Occasionally, even, we meet with some absurdities. Such rhymes as "Laud" and "God," and "poured" and "the Lord," are more in the nasal style of Mr. Daniell's black beasts, the Puritans, than of his friends, the Cavaliers; and when we read of Sir William Waller that his heart was

"All swollen with hate and bile,"

we are tempted to observe that his physical condition must have been very extraordinary. There is also a strange passage in the ballad of "Susan Bolke," a Dorsetshire maiden who is said to have put a Roundhead trooper to flight with a two-handed pike:—

"Out upon thee," cried the maiden,
'Miscreant, murderer, bloody man!'
And at once, in pious vengeance,
With the pike on Morton ran,
Driving at his back or belly,
When, or how, or where she can.

"Morton stands alarmed, confounded—
Well he may, for well we know
That a woman in a fury
Is a formidable foe."

Yes; but how did Mr. Daniell come to know that?

The Dublin Review. April, 1866. (Burns, Lambert, & Oates.)-The last number of this Ultramontane Quarterly is as controversial in the general character of its articles as its predecessors. The first paper is entitled "Rome the Civilizer of Nations:" a proposition which, if the Rome intended were ancient Rome, would doubtless be true enough; but the Rome of the Popes is of course what the writer proposes to commemorate. "Catholicism restored in Geneva" is a review of a French work—which, by the way, might be said of a large proportion of the articles. In "Christian Political Economy" we have an account of the ameliorating influences recently brought to bear on the condition of the poorer classes. An article on Origen follows, and then "Dr. Pusey's Project of Union" is subjected to an examination, of which the upshot, as might be expected, is that Rome is infallible, and that consequently nothing will satisfy her but complete submission. M. Champagny's works on the Roman Empire are then reviewed; and the awakening interest of English statesmen in Irish affairs is pointed out in the article "Signs of an Irish Policy." A purely ecclesiastical subject is treated in "The Council of Florence": and the rest of the number is occupied, as usual, by brief notices of books, a record of "Foreign Events of Catholic Interest," and " Correspondence."

Manual of Outpost Duties, with Instructions for the Defence of Detached Houses, Villages, Bridges, &c., for the Use of Volunteers. By Major George T. Denison, Jun., commanding 1st York Cavalry. (Toronto: Rollo & Adam.)—The spirited way in which the volunteers of Canada replied to the Fenian threats of invasion, a few weeks ago, has excited in this country a very strong feeling in their favour; and

we are therefore glad to see a Canadian gentleman of experience in military matters giving his attention to the inculcation of those principles of drill, manœuvring, and general arrangement of forces, without a knowledge of which the largest and most courageous body of citizen soldiers is but an armed rabble. Major Denison has produced a little volume which, brief though it be, contains a large amount of information, lucidly conveyed, as to the duties of officers and men engaged on outpost service. The author has found that the instructions for drill given in the various works published under the direction of the Horse Guards have reference almost wholly to elementary drill, and that very little is said about actual service in the field. He has therefore taken great pains to collect from all the chief authorities, French and English, the particular information which he desiderated; and the work now in our hands is the result of his labours. As combining the knowledge and experience of many men, whose books, for the most part, are not easily obtainable in Canada, Major Denison's manual is likely to be of the greatest value to our brothers-in-arms beyond the Atlantic.

Odd Bricks from a Tumbledown Private Building. By a Retired Constructor. (T. C. Newby.)—It is not very easy to know what is meant by this book. From the preface, it would appear that the author conceives he is answering those portions of Mr. Mill's work on Sir William Hamilton which have reference to "Possibilities" and "Induction." He says a friend lent him that work while he was staying on the Continent last summer, with a request that he would make some observations on it. Hence the present treatise; but we must confess we are at a loss whether to regard it seriously or as a joke. The manner is sometimes colloquial, even to vulgarity; yet the author seems to be really labouring to establish the old doctrine of intuitions, and the external existence of objects wholly apart from our consciousness, against modern impugners. The argument is carried on by way of dialogue between a philosopher and his pupil; but we cannot say that it gains either in clearness or dignity by the

adoption of that form.

Sunnyside Papers. By Andrew Halliday, Author of "Every Day Papers," &c. (Tinsley Brothers.)—We noticed at the time of their appearance Mr. Halliday's previous series of papers, and need say little more of his present volume than that it is marked by the same agreeable characteristics which we found in its predecessor. The writer is one of the many lively contributors to All the Year Round; and the publication now in our hands consists of reprints from the columns of that periodical. Mr. Halliday looks abroad on life—especially on London life—with a bright, cheerful, and observant eye; and the externals of contemporary manners he is well able to photograph on his pages. His style is rapid and light, and we will

photograph on his pages. His style is rapid and light, and we will not say that there is much below the surface; but his writings have good humour and good sense, and those are qualities not to be despised.

A Chronological Record. By D. O'Gorman (Lockwood & Co.)—
The volume bearing this title consists of a chronology of the remarkable events occurring from the creation of the world to the present time, together with lists of the Kings and Queens of the leading countries of Europe, the Popes of Rome, the Presidents of America, and the peerage of Great Britain. The chronology is divided into eras, and notes are added, giving in several cases historical and biographical details. The work, which is now in its third edition, appears to be well done, and, as a compendium of facts, is likely

to be extremely useful.

Poultry as a Meat Supply; being Hints to Hen-wives how to Rear and Manage Poultry Economically and Profitably. By the Author of the "Poultry Kalendar." (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)—Fish, and How to Cook It. By Elizabeth Watts. (Warne & Co.)—Poultry and fish might both, there is no doubt, be more employed as articles of food than they are now, and in that case would at once furnish us with a pleasant and wholesome variety in our diet, and diminish the amount of our weekly butcher's bills. The two works mentioned at the head of this paragraph are calculated to do the public a service, by showing them the best way of rearing poultry and cooking fish. We English are rather exclusive in our tastes, and anything that will healthily vary our eternal beef and mutton is to be desired and welcomed.

Beeton's Cricket Book. By Frederick Wood. (S. O. Beeton.)—
The time of year for cricket is now coming on, if it has not actually commenced. Mr. Wood's manual of the laws of this thoroughly healthful and excellent game is well adapted to teach our young fellows how to handle their bats with skill and effect, and they cannot do better than consult it.

The Book of Man's Destiny. By Henry G. Cooper, author of "Indestructibility," &c. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)—Mr. Cooper puts forward what he calls "an attempt to restore" the Revelation of St. John "to its proper use," by means of "a simple and comprehensive interpretation." We very willingly leave him possession of the field.

The Wild Garland. Selected and Arranged by Isaac J. Reeve. Vol. II., Epigrams. (F. Pitman.)—Mr. Reeve has made a very comprehensive collection of epigrams. There are, doubtless, some omissions, and a few of those included strike us as being not quite correct; but the volume is very amusing.

We have also received—A Handy-book of Law of Trustees, their Duties and Liabilities, by R. Denny Urlin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law (Effingham Wilson);—Sunday Readings, in Prose and Verse, by J. E. Carpenter (Warne & Co.);—How to Systematize the British Museum and Art Galleries, by a Londoner (J. F. Shaw & Co.);—Vol. VI. of the Victoria Magazine (Emily Faithfull);—No. II. of the Light Blue (Cambridge University Magazine);—and No. XLIII., New Series, of the Autographic Mirror.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Another delay has taken place in the publication of Vol. II. of the French Emperor's "Life of Cæsar." The different versions were to have appeared in the several European capitals on the 1st of May; but, as they will not all be ready to appear at that date, the 8th of May has been fixed upon by the Imperial author as the day for simul-

taneous publication.

Most of our readers will already have heard of the very sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of the great man who was lately called from retirement to the high office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Carlyle was from home at the time of the sad occurrence, away in Dumfriesshire, visiting the friends and scenes of his youth. Owing to ill-health, Mrs. Carlyle was not able to accompany him, and on Saturday afternoon she was taking her usual drive in Hyde Park, when her little pet dog, which had been running by the side of the brougham, was suddenly run over by another carriage as both vehicles were turning the corner of the Park. She was greatly alarmed, although the dog was not seriously hurt. After lifting the little animal into the carriage, the man drove on. Soon after this, not receiving his usual directions as to the route he should take, he stopped the carriage, and discovered his mistress, as he conceived, in a fainting fit. Alarmed at such an unusual occurrence, the man drove off at once to St. George's Hospital, but only to learn from the medical attendants there that his mistress had been dead for some little time. Mrs. Carlyle's maiden name was Welch, and she came of a family who were directly descended from the great John Knox - the stern old divine whom Mr. Carlyle eulogized so highly in his recent address. After their marriage, in 1827, they resided for some time at Craigenputtock, a small estate Mr. Carlyle had acquired through his wife. It was here that that wide correspondence was entered into with Goethe, Emerson, and other distinguished men, in which Mrs. Carlyle took an active part. In some of the collections of Goethe's poems, verses to "Madame Carlyle, Scotland," may be found; and one of these, it is said, was originally written on a visiting card, which the great German sent to the wife of his friend and admirer. The following is a rough translation of the lines :-

"Messengers like this we send To tell the coming of a friend: This poor card can only say That the friend is far away."

Mr. Carlyle may be assured of the deep sympathy of all his numerous admirers.

A new and complete edition of Plato is spoken of at Oxford as being in preparation by Professor Jowett.

A very important collection of autographs and historical documents, comprising State papers bearing signatures of Kings and Queens of England, great Ministers of State, Archbishops, military commanders, and other notabilities from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present time, will be sold this day by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. One curious feature in the gathering is "a very complete Collection of Autographs of the Regicides, temp. Charles I., and of the Ladies of the Court of Charles II." Lot 91 is "Tradesmen's Accounts for articles supplied to Madame Gwynn [Nell Gwynn], including the Apothecary's, Silversmith's, Wax Chandler's, Nights of her attendance at the Theatre, Chairing, and Glovers," seven very curious papers, with three signatures of her son, Charles Duke of St. Albans.

Although M. Rénan's last book, "Les Apôtres," is exciting the profoundest sensation in French literary circles, it is said that the publishers, Messrs. Levy, have been greatly disappointed in its sale. It is not meeting with anything like the popularity which attended "La Vie de Jésu."

The second number of the Bookworm has appeared. Its contents are—" Chinese Book-hunting;" "The Clergyman and the Jew;" "A Medical Book of Ecobanus Hessus;" "Public Libraries;" Notices of Printers;" "Nuts to Crack for London Printers;" "Original Facsimile Engravings."

In the place of a postage-stamp mania it appears that a taste for collecting seals is becoming very common on the Continent. Very recently, at a sale in Paris, a collection of impressions from 9,000 seals of various royal and celebrated personages sold for £400. The impression of one of Victor Hugo's bore the motto, "Faire et réfaire;" one of Alexandre Dumas', "Tout passe—tout lasse—tout casse;" and one of Lamertine's, "Spira spera."

A penny edition of Mr. Mill's speech during the debate on the

second reading of the new Reform Bill has just been published, and is meeting with a very large sale, especially in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and the other large manufacturing towns.

Compensation has been granted, in the Sheriffs' Court, Red Lionsquare, to Mr. Erie Williams, the occupant of Sir Isaac Newton's house, Vicarage-place, Kensington, which is about to be destroyed by the Metropolitan Railway. The same company has already pulled down Milton's house in Cripplegate—for in these iron times the associations of intellect go for nothing. The jury, in the case of Newton's house, gave Mr. Williams £2,110 in compensation.

The library of the late Dr. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., at one period the librarian to the Duke of Sussex when the valuable "Bibliotheca Sussexiana" was compiled), will be sold in a few days. The collection has long been known to antiquaries and archæologists for its early printed works, on vellum and paper, manuscripts and missals, interesting early English charters, and works on archæology, the history of

medicine, and miscellaneous literature. Another library of an eminent literary man will also be scattered in a few days—that formed by Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." This collection is not remarkable for many very rare books, but contains the principal works of the Fathers of the Church, and a good selection of theological, classical,

and general literature. The editor of the Alpine Journal will shortly have ready a work of some interest to Swiss mountain-climbers—"The Oberland and its Glaciers, explored and illustrated with Ice-axe and Camera, by H. B. George." It will contain twenty-eight photographs of Alpine scenery and phenomena, taken by Mr. Ernest Edwards. The work will be published by Mr. Bennett, of Bishopsgate-street.

From Paris we hear that in preparing the ground for the walls of the new Hôtel Dieu "a Roman wall has been discovered, made of cut stones, each of which measures from one metre to one metre fifty

centimetres in size. Some columns have also been discovered, one of which is surrounded by a capital of leaves of the size and dimensions of those of the Roman temple discovered beneath the crypt of Notre Dame."

A Paris correspondent says :- "The French Government is devoting considerable attention to the protection of literary property in all those countries which have signed international treaties with France. Thus, the Minister of State has referred the subject of the illegal reproduction of French works in the Nation Suisse to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His Excellency, M. Rouher, has forwarded the reply from the French Chargé d'Affaires at Berne to the Committee of the Société des Gens de Lettres, as to the contents of the despatch of the 8th March. M. le Baron de Reinach had received the assurance that the Federal Council entirely shared the opinion of the Imperial Government on the validity of the engagements entered into on the 30th of June, 1864, to secure the reciprocal guarantee of literary property. Therefore, the committee of the society are going to bring this important case before the Geneva law courts. Thirty years ago, the great Balzac, then president of the committee, thought the subject one of such vital importance that he himself pleaded as counsel for the society against the Journal de Rouen, and won his cause; and, odd to say, the paper, although defeated, entered into an arrangement with the society, and signed a treaty drawn up by M. Balzac. Our president, M. Paul Féval, purposes following the example of his predecessor, and has announced his intention of going to Geneva, assisted by M. F. Thomas, to act as counsel for our society."

Perhaps the most lasting monuments to the memory of famous jesters, humourists, and eccentric characters, have been the little joke-books which secured to themselves a sale by having the name of some wit or notoriety upon their covers. "The XII. Mery Gestys of one called Edyth, the Lyeng Wydow," in the reign of Henry VIII., was followed by "Skelton's Mery Tales in Queen Elizabeth's Time." "Jacke of Dover," "The Conceites of Old Hobson," "Scogin," "Archee," and "George Buchanan," came next; and then Polly Peacham, Joe Miller, Ned Ward, Killigrew, Beau Nash, Garrick, Foote, Quin, and Lord Chesterfield, each appealing to the world as the very best mirth-provoker of the time. The old custom of giving a jest-book to every popular character has fallen out of fashion of late years; but it seems now on the point of being revived. The latest announcement is a Spurgeon Jest-Book, under the title of "Anecdotes and Stories of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, now first collected and arranged." This must not take to itself the credit of being the earliest clerical budget of wit. There was a "Sterne's Convivial Jester, or That's Your Sort;" and a very favourite volume with our forefathers was "Ecclesiastical Transactions, or a Collection of Reverend Jokes." Lately, the music-halls have claimed all the funny sayings through "the Great Williams," "the Great Jones," and the other "truly great comics;" but we shall be glad to see the collected efforts of the Tabernacle in this line.

Sir W. Drummond's very curious work, "The Œdipus Judaicus," has just been reprinted, to the extent of 250 copies, by a London bookseller.

The proprietors of the Contemporary Review have published a list of the principal contributors to the first volume, now complete, which includes Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury; Canon Blakesley; Professors Cheetham and J. A. Dorner; the Rev. W. Fremantle, Dr. Howson, Professor Mansell, Dr. Perowne, the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, Dr. Reichel Canon Robertson, Dean Stanley, the Rev. H. B. Tristram, Principal Tulloch, and others.

Messrs. Longman & Co. have just ready:-"The Way to Rest: Results from a Life-search after Religious Truth," by R. Vaughan, D.D.; "Free Thoughts on Many Subjects: a Selection from Articles contributed to Fraser's Magazine," by a Manchester Man; "Garden Architecture and Landscape Gardening," by J. Arthur Hughes, 8vo., with numerous illustrations; and several other works already announced.

Messrs. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder will publish immediately, "Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden," by Margaret Howitt, 2 vols., portraits and illustrations, &c.; and "Notes on Epidemics, for the Use of the Public," by Francis E. Anstie, M.D., author of "Stimulants and Narcotics."

Mr. Bentley's list of works in the press includes "The Naturalist in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia," by John Keast Lord, F.Z.S., late Naturalist to the British North American Boundary Commission, 2 vols., with numerous illustrations; and the "Romance of a Court" (we presume a novel), in 3 vols.

Messrs. J. H. & J. PARKER have in the press—"Oxford Lenten Sermons for 1866," and "Erasmi Colloquia Selecta," arranged for translation and re-translation, adapted for the use of boys who have begun the Latin Syntax, by Edward C. Lowe, D.D.

Messrs. Hubst & Blackett's list of works forthcoming includes :-The second volume of "The Life of Josiah Wedgwood, from his Private Correspondence and Family Papers," by Eliza Meteyard, embellished with 200 illustrations; "Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combernere, G.C.B., from his Family Papers," 2 vols., with portraits and other illustrations; "Prison Characters drawn from Life," by a Prison Matron, author of "Female Life in Prison," 2 vols.; "The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," by Major W. Ross King, with coloured plates and woodcuts; "The Beautiful in Nature and Art," by Mrs. Ellis, 1 vol. with portrait; "Sir

Owen Fairfax," by the Lady Emily Ponsonby, 3 vols.; &c.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., will publish in a few days, "The
Mystery of Pain," a book for the sorrowful; and "A Century of Painters in the English School" (2 vols.), with critical notices of their works, and an account of the progress of art in England, by Richard Redgrave and Samuel Redgrave.

Messrs. A. & C. Black will shortly publish "Fishing Gossip," by H. Cholmondeley Pennell, author of "The Book of the Pike," &c. Mr. W. P. NIMMO, of Edinburgh, announces, under the general title of "Nimmo's Popular Tales," a series of stories adapted for railway, sea-side, and general reading. Each volume will contain from eight to twelve stories, and will be complete in itself. Vol. I. will appear

on June 1st.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Anstie (F. E.), Notes on Epidemics, Fcap., 4s.
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Brown (Rev. J.), Dictionary of Bible. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d. . Discourses on the First Epistle of

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Svo., 1s.
Carpenter (J. E.), Sunday Readings. Vol. II. Fcap., 1s.
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Chaffers (W.), Marks and Monograms in Pottery and
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Members whose premiums fell DUE on the lat APRIL are reminded that the same must be PAID within thirty days from that date.

GEORGE MORRIS, Secretary. March 19, 1866.

THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT, CASH A COUNT and BALANCE REPORT, CASH A COUNT, and BALANCE SHEET of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, are now printed, and will be given on a

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